

"LOVE AT LARGE"

Screenplay by

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REVISED DRAFT

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FADE IN

*A1

EXT. CITY STREET - AFTERNOON - TITLES OVER

A1*

A street tram rolls through a busy brick intersection, its spotlight illuminating the traffic. Everywhere things are moving: YOUNG LOVERS kiss wildly in the last seat of the tram; two DRUNKS are shoving each other on the curb; a YOUNG WOMAN lights a cigarette in the cold darkening air and climbs into her car, alone.

In the second floor of an apartment above the street, shadows and voices rail against each other in disharmony. We become very interested.

1

INT. HARRY AND DORIS' APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

They are really going at it this time. Saying things they'll be sorry for later.

DORIS

If you're a real man, how come I
don't feel a helluva lot more?

A lovely photo of them gets smacked off the Formica TV top by a flying bowling trophy.

HARRY

Then what is that you do? An
act or something?

HARRY is under forty, still wondering if his wildest dreams take place asleep or awake.

DORIS

Yeah, maybe I'm thinking of
somebody else!

Coming from a woman like DORIS, it does not seem inappropriate. She blows bottle-blond hair from her eyes, puts her hands on leopard-skin capri hips.

HARRY

That's it, Doris, you've gone
too far this time!

He is so angry he breaks a folding chair against the wall. A couple of velvet paintings dive to the floor.

HARRY

We were never right for each
other!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He heads for the bedroom and presumably a suitcase.

DORIS

You probably been saving yourself
for those babes you got stashed!

He turns to make this point very clear.

HARRY

Doris -- number one: there is
no other woman in my life. And
number two: if there was, she'd
know I'm living with someone I
love. Or used to love!

He grabs his overcoat and hat. Then he straps on his
hideaway holster and .38 snubnose.

DORIS

It's a good thing we never got
married!

HARRY

Damn right. After the honeymoon
I'd feel like a new man and so
would you!

DORIS

I'm not the one who gets the
phone calls.

He is at the door.

DORIS

You never think how it makes me
feel. Women calling you up all
the time.

HARRY

All the time. Once. And she was
at least sixty years old.

DORIS

Who never even paid you.

HARRY

She paid me, I just gave it back.

Small pause.

HARRY

See ya around, Doris.

(CONTINUED)

His hand is on the knob.

DORIS

Harry...?

HARRY

What?

DORIS

Not even a goodbye kiss?

HARRY

Sure you'd feel it, Doris?

She closes to him, puts her abdomen next to his.

DORIS

You know I didn't mean that,
Harry. How could I?

She snakes her arm around him. Pulls off his hat.

DORIS

I just get so jealous...

Suddenly, she kisses him and it's all tongue. As he
tries to back her to the bedroom, the PHONE RINGS.

DORIS

Answer it, Harry.

HARRY

(still heading
for the sack)

Trying to.

DORIS

It might be important.

She pulls away and he is caught out of breath. So he
answers the phone.

HARRY

Yeah, this is Harry Dobbs. Yeah
I understand. You called the
right place.

DORIS

Who is it?

Puts his hand over the mouthpiece.

HARRY

It's about a job.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (3)

1

He turns away slightly to write on something.

HARRY

Yeah, I got the address. I can meet you there. Yeah, I'm regular height, build...

He catches Doris' eye.

DORIS

It's a woman, isn't it?

HARRY

Well, I have a standard fee, but it depends on the situation...

He is waving Doris away from him at the same time.

DORIS

(voice rising)

You sonofabitch!

She picks up an ashtray and throws it at him.

HARRY

No, no, that was a car... outside.

DORIS

Tell her that you love me, Harry?
Go on, tell her!

HARRY

Right. So, I'll see you there,
Miss Dolan.

That does it.

DORIS

Miss Dolan!

She makes a mad grab for the phone. He manages to keep her away long enough to say goodbye. The next moment, the phone is ripped from the wall.

HARRY

What's the matter with you? I
coulda lost that interview!

She almost pulls the apartment door off its hinges.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (4)

1

DORIS

Go prow! somewhere else! I
never wanna see you again!

He inhales, weary. Grabs his hat. Gets his coat.

HARRY

(final word)

I'm sure you mean well, Doris.

When he's in the hallway, the slam behind almost
 knocks him off his feet.

CUT TO:

1A EXT. HARRY AND DORIS' APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK 1A

Harry is still muttering as he climbs into his coupe
 and roars out of the garage.

CUT TO:

*1B EXT. BLUE DANUBE RESTAURANT AND CABARET - NIGHT 1B

A class joint of some repute. Harry saves valet money
 by parking across the street.

2 INT. BLUE DANUBE RESTAURANT - NIGHT 2

Harry waits in a booth. He's nursing his damaged
 love affair in another beer.

HARRY

(to WAITRESS)

What time is it?

WAITRESS

Five minutes past the last time
 you asked. Relax. Some ladies
 need to be late.

HARRY

Who said it was a lady?

WAITRESS

Lucky guess.

The Piano Player plays another sad song as Harry tries
 not to smoke. Then she walks in. MISS DOLAN. The
 Maitre d' takes her over to Harry's table. She sits
 without removing her fur. Her face is shadowed by a
 hat brim and soft blue veil.

(CONTINUED)

MISS DOLAN
(ordering)
Manhattan, please.

It takes a moment for Harry to realize she is studying him.

HARRY
So, what's on your mind, Miss Dolan?

MISS DOLAN
Nothing like this has ever happened before, Mr. Dobbs.

HARRY
Harry. Like what?

MISS DOLAN
I can't tell you everything.

HARRY
What can you tell me?

MISS DOLAN
I need you to follow a man. He can't know that you're doing it, or...

HARRY
Or what?

Her drink arrives. She slips off a glove, and Harry is nearly blinded by the glow from her fingernails.

HARRY
Don't worry, he won't know.

MISS DOLAN
He can't, that's all. I could be put in serious jeopardy.

She raises her veil to sip the cocktail. She has a perfect mouth.

HARRY
Why do you want me to follow this guy?

(CONTINUED)

MISS DOLAN

I can't tell you that.

She touches his hand.

MISS DOLAN

Please. They say you can be trusted.

HARRY

Who says?

MISS DOLAN

Your advertisement says. I saw it in a phone book at the train station. Please, Mr. Dobbs, we haven't much time.

She reaches into her purse for a few crisp bills.

MISS DOLAN

I'll pay you two thousand dollars plus expenses to follow him for one month.

HARRY

That's a lot of following.

MISS DOLAN

It might not take that long, but I'll pay that much anyway.

HARRY

So who am I looking for? And what?

MISS DOLAN

He's coming to this restaurant. Tonight.

Harry leans back in his seat.

HARRY

Cozy.

MISS DOLAN

He'll be here at nine o'clock, Mr. Dobbs. Please say yes.

(CONTINUED)

Harry likes the sound of her husky voice.

HARRY

Okay.

She hands him some of the money, puts the rest back into her handbag. There is just a hint of her awareness about money that does not escape Harry's gaze.

MISS DOLAN

I'm staying at the St. Simone Hotel. I want to know who she is.

HARRY

She. Uh huh.

MISS DOLAN

And what he does with her.

HARRY

Right.

MISS DOLAN

It's very difficult for me, living in another place. Wondering when it's my turn. It shortens one's life. Makes one feel unlucky. And that's not for me. I've always been a lucky person.

When she stands, so does Harry.

MISS DOLAN

He's six feet tall with black hair and green eyes. He wears dark framed glasses and dresses smartly. He also smells nice.

HARRY

That's a relief.

MISS DOLAN

He may appear very charming, but believe me, he's dangerous.

She kisses his cheek. Then drops the veil and struts out of the restaurant. Harry touches his face.

The waitress returns.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (4)

2

WAITRESS

So, was it worth the wait?

HARRY

We'll find out, I guess.

CUT TO:

3 INT. SAME RESTAURANT - NINE O'CLOCK

3

Sure enough, a MAN fitting that description enters at nine on the button. Everything Miss Dolan described, and more. She didn't mention handsome, rugged, solid. And that's just his suit.

And the WOMAN he arrived with. Wonderful. Full of life and down to earth. When they sit at a table, it instantly becomes the most romantic seat in the house. All of which interests Harry plenty. And also makes him feel suddenly lonely.

He watches them small-talk, giggle. They share each other's drink and ask the Piano Player to play something from another era.

After a half hour of happiness, they pay the tab and leave. Harry follows.

4 EXT. BLUE DANUBE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

4

The couple drive away in a station wagon. Harry hurries to his coupe to make the light.

He doesn't pay much attention to the sedan pulling up in front of the restaurant. A thick-necked Driver opens the back door for a tallish, dark-haired MAN in a flashy suit and dark-rimmed glasses. The Woman with him can only be described as a dame.

Now if one were to hire someone to follow a suspicious man fitting this description, the man who just entered the Blue Danube would be a very likely subject. But Harry is following someone else.

CUT TO:

5 INT. HARRY'S COUPE - NIGHT

5

He puts a tail on the station wagon.

6 EXT. CITY - NIGHT

6

The station wagon drives through downtown to a neighborhood in the hills near the harbor. They stop once, at a corner grocery store.

Harry can't help thinking while he waits, that this is exactly the kind of place he'd live if he could afford it. Interesting windows with history behind each shade. The shadows don't threaten as much here, the trees along the sidewalk don't look like skeletons. The kind of neighborhood for people in love.

HARRY

(mutters)

Damn you, Doris.

7 EXT. TWO-STORY HOUSE - NIGHT

7

The station wagon parks at a cozy old place with a two-car garage. Two Children in pajamas with their Nanny watch from the bay window. The Kids hurry to the front door to greet the couple.

HARRY

(out loud)

They gotta be married.

Sure seems that way. The man in question can be seen through the window carrying both of his little ones into their bedroom. Then the front curtain is drawn.

Harry checks his watch, pulls up his collar and decides to wait.

8 SAME SCENE (LATER)

8

About twenty minutes later, some of the interior lights go out and the house settles in for a secure night's rest.

Harry is uncomfortable and cold. He makes a decision and starts his car.

9 EXT. CORNER GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

9

Harry uses the pay phone.

HARRY

Miss Dolan's room, please. You
sure? No, no. No message.

He hangs up, looks at the store, enters.

10 INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

10

Harry selects a pre-made sandwich and a beer. The
man behind the counter is an old CHINESE. Harry nods
as his items are rung up.

HARRY

Say, I wonder if my friends came
in here tonight. You know, green
station wagon and she's got that
cute sandy hair.

CHINESE MAN

The Kings were here just an hour
ago.

HARRY

So, I guess they're home.

The Chinese man looks up carefully.

CHINESE MAN

I don't know you, do I?

HARRY

Uh, no, I'm from out of town.
Thanks, seeya.

CUT TO:

11 INT. HARRY'S CAR - MORNING

11

Harry yawns awake, feeling like he just slept in a
box. Then he realizes why.

Across the street, MR. KING is getting ready to leave
for work. His pretty wife and Kids are waving good-
bye.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Harry would rather take a shower, but when Mr. King's sportscar pulls out of the driveway and toward the city, Harry follows.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. CITY STREETS - MORNING

12

* A YOUNG WOMAN strolls through a brick plaza, hands cupped over hot coffee. Behind her, Harry's car pursues King's through morning traffic.

At a busy intersection stop light, Harry inches his car beside Mr. King to get a better look. This guy is really together Harry thinks as the light changes.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. INSURANCE BUILDING - MORNING

13

One of the more historic highrises. King's car parks in the lot and Mr. King swivels through the gargoyled doorway.

It takes a moment for Harry to do the same. By that time King has gone up on the elevator.

14 INT. BUILDING LOBBY - MORNING

14

* Harry checks the directory. There it is: "Wickman Investment Company." Three or four partners, Frederick King among them.

Harry rubs his chin and feels his stubble and decides it's time to accomplish something else.

CUT TO:

15 INT. HARRY AND DORIS' APARTMENT - DAY

15

Harry uses his key but moves like he's sneaking in. Doris is not there.

16 SAME SCENE (LATER)

16

After a shower and some breakfast, Harry is on the phone. An open suitcase is on the bed. It fills up during the conversation.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

HARRY
Yeah, he's going by the name of
Frederick King now.

17 INT. MISS DOLAN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

17

She is still in her silk bathrobe. Somehow her face
stays in shadow as she sips coffee. INTERCUT as needed.

MISS DOLAN
Tell me about her.

HARRY
Didn't catch her name, but I can
guess.

MISS DOLAN
How can you guess? You mean it's
serious.

HARRY
Most marriages are.

MISS DOLAN
I understand. Don't tell me
anymore right now. Just continue
to follow him and report back to
me tonight.

She is almost whispering into the phone.

MISS DOLAN
I'm trusting you with this, Mr.
Dobbs. And that's the most I
could possibly give you.

He almost laughs.

HARRY
I might be able to think of a few
other things, Miss Dolan, but now
is not the time.

They say goodbye and he hangs up.

18 INT. HARRY AND DORIS' APARTMENT - DAY

18

DORIS
Why are you doing this to me,
Harry?

(CONTINUED)

He turns to find her having just arrived in the bedroom doorway, eyes misty.

DORIS

(trying not to cry)
I was dying last night. I
thought my soul was sinking
right through the mattress.

HARRY

Doris. You're the one who told
me to leave.

She moves over to embrace him.

HARRY

Doris...

She is kissing him by now. Boy, is she ever kissing him. They tumble back onto the bed, right next to his suitcase. Both are pretty excited when Doris asks the question.

DORIS

Is she pretty? Prettier than
me? Miss Dolan?

Harry holds her away from him.

HARRY

I am not going through this again.

Harry untangles himself to complete packing.

DORIS

I'm sure she had you drooling
all over her!

She is standing by now, looking for something to throw. Harry accelerates his packing technique.

DORIS

You probably foot the bill, too!
You mouse!

Here it comes. A flying lamp nearly kills him. By the time he has made it to the front door, it's a war zone.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

DORIS

You rat! You weasel! I'm glad
you're gone.

He is almost out the door before the gin bottle hits
the wall.

DORIS

This is the most satisfied you
ever made me!

CUT TO:

19 EXT. INSURANCE BUILDING - DAY

19

When it starts to rain, Harry gets cold. He's al-
ready bored. He climbs from his coupe and enters
the building.

20 INT. 22ND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

20

Harry emerges from an elevator with two Secretaries
who ignore him completely. He sees the Grove offices
at the end of the hall.

*21 INT. WICKMAN INVESTMENT COMPANY

21

Active, with a large, open reception area. Private
offices and secretaries branch out.

22 WITH HARRY

22

Watching through the glass partition of the entryway.
Trying to act inconspicuous in a hallway. He reads
a name off a door down the hall.

* Then he enters Wickman.

RECEPTIONIST

May I help you, sir?

HARRY

Yeah, I'm here to see Mr.
Yankowitz.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

He catches sight of Mr. King holding a hallway meeting with two Associates. The other Men are wishing King well, as if he were going on vacation.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Yankowitz has his own office down the hall. Third one on the left.

HARRY

Oh, sorry. Say, what kind of investments you do here?

RECEPTIONIST

All kinds, sir. We offer full service.

HARRY

Oh. Good to know. Thanks.

He leaves.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. MR. KING'S HOUSE - NIGHT

23

Mr. King returns home. The Kids and his wife and his Nanny still love him.

Harry sits across the street, somehow familiar with the pattern after only one day.

CUT TO:

24 INT. BLUE DANUBE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

24

Harry and Miss Dolan share cocktails. She is dressed as before, only in a different color.

MISS DOLAN

Did you get a good look at him?

HARRY

Good enough.

MISS DOLAN

And her?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Look, Miss Dolan, excuse me for being blunt.

MISS DOLAN

Why? What did you do?

HARRY

No, I mean this is pretty clear, right? Mr. King is a happily married man, and he never told you.

MISS DOLAN

Told me what?

HARRY

Look, I'll only charge you one hundred dollars for everything. I'll even buy you dinner.

She sips her cocktail.

MISS DOLAN

I want you to continue to follow him.

HARRY

Do you really want this guy in your life?

MISS DOLAN

Mr. Dobbs, as long as I know what Rick is doing, I have a life.

She stands quickly.

MISS DOLAN

Dinner will have to wait, I'm afraid. I have a previous engagement.

She walks out. Harry can only watch and wonder.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. BLUE DANUBE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

25

When Harry starts his car, a set of new headlights behind him catches his interest. He pulls to the light and the headlights do the same. But when Harry turns left, the headlights go straight. An old sportscar with a solo driver. Just like Harry.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. KING RESIDENCE - MORNING

26

Harry greets the morning with a yawn while he marks a racing form and sips coffee from a thermos. A pillow and blanket lie rumpled. His suitcase is open in the back seat, clothes scattered. All he needs is a mailbox.

*26A A BRIEF DAYDREAM of the alluring Miss Dolan purring a song of love distracts Harry a moment.

26A

*26B EXT. KING RESIDENCE - ACROSS THE STREET

26B

A taxi appears. Mrs. King comes from her front door in a bathrobe and signals to the Cabbie that it will only be a minute.

Harry is slow to react, still tired from two nights ago. But when Mr. King appears with suitcases, Harry gets awake in a hurry.

The Kings embrace for a long time. Their Kids circle them like a maypole. Nanny waves from the doorway. The Cabbie loads up his trunk. This is not just an overnight visit. This is a serious trip. Mrs. King has to come running after with a forgotten briefcase. This brings another kiss.

27 EXT. STREETS - MORNING

27

Harry follows the taxi to the airport. He packs his own suitcase as he drives, unsure of what the next step might be.

28 EXT. AIRPORT - MORNING

28

Mr. King is dropped off in front of a terminal. Harry pulls ahead at the curb. When King enters the terminal, Harry takes his suitcase and follows. An Airport Traffic Cop threatens Harry, but he waves her off. Just before entering the building, Harry notices an old sportscar passing by. Where has he seen that before?

29 INT. AIRLINE TERMINAL - MORNING

29

Harry waits in line, right behind Mr. King, who receives his boarding pass and walks away. Harry approaches the same COUNTERPERSON.

HARRY

I'm on the same flight as that gentleman.

COUNTERPERSON

Do you have a ticket?

HARRY

Uh, no. Round trip, coach.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - MORNING

30

Harry has parked his car more permanently and is returning to the main terminal. He checks the time and realizes that he's in a hurry. When he spots the same old sportscar parked at the other end of the structure, he wishes he had more time to investigate.

CUT TO:

31 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

31

While Mr. King sits comfortably in first class, Harry is cramped in coach next to a very Fat Man. Harry squirms in his seat, but never gets comfortable. Also, he never gets to lay eyes on clearly the most interesting WOMAN on the flight, seated a few rows back.

32 CLOSER - THE WOMAN

32

Feminine enough, but no nonsense about it. She wears a bomber jacket like she actually made a run. She chews gum and reads a paperback, never acknowledging Harry or anyone else.

CUT TO:

33 INT. BAGGAGE TERMINAL - DAY

33

A small airport in a major rural city. Exactly the opposite setting of where Harry stood a few hours ago.

Presently, Harry is standing next to Mr. King, separated only by a portable telephone booth.

Harry is faking on his phone, but King is for real.

KING

I miss you, too. Won't be able to call for a few days, moving around a lot, you know the routine. Gonna be a tough couple of months, believe me. Me, too, maybe someday, but I have to make a living. Kiss the kids, I love you.

He hangs up and walks to the baggage carousel. Harry says goodbye to the hunk of plastic in his hand and follows. If he'd just turn around, he'd see the woman from the plane on the next phone.

CUT TO:

34 BAGGAGE CAROUSEL - DAY

34

Mr. King's baggage is collected and Mr. King wheels it over to a row of lockers and uses his key to unlock one. Inside there's a beat-up duffle bag that King trades for his other luggage. Then he goes into the men's room. Harry follows.

35 INT. MEN'S ROOM

35

Harry washes his hands. King is using a stall. There is no one else around. Harry exits.

36 INT. TERMINAL - OUTSIDE MEN'S ROOM

36

Harry shifts his suitcase as he stands. A pretty customer waiting for a rental car catches his eye briefly. It's the woman from the plane.

A cowboy comes out of the bathroom. Harry stays loose, expecting Mr. King. Wait a second, this is King! And not only dressed like a cowboy, but really one.

(CONTINUED)

- 36 CONTINUED: 36
King deposits his city clothes in the locker and struts outside. Harry stays close behind.
- 37 EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY 37
King signals a taxi, drives off. Harry does the same.
CUT TO:
- 38 EXT. ROADS - AFTERNOON 38
Leading away from the city into the country. Two taxis are separated by a few cars.
- 39 INT. HARRY'S TAXI 39
The DRIVER has a large Adam's apple and a crewcut.
DRIVER
Had a guy once who was followin'
another cab like this. Boy,
that was somethin'.
HARRY
What happened?
DRIVER
Wound up halfway across the state
in a drunk tank. Beat the hell
outta a guy my first night and
the judge gave me another forty-
four days on an honor farm. My
future wife was a cook there,
and we had three boys who later
went into government work. Yeah,
that was really somethin'.
Harry just nods.
CUT TO:
- 40 EXT. SMALL TOWN - LATE AFTERNOON 40
King's taxi drops off its passenger in front of a
gas station and garage.
(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

Harry's cab hides across the street, near a general store and used car lot. Harry pays the fare.

DRIVER

Sure you don't want me to wait?
Last guy did.

King is talking with the Garage Owner. They seem to know each other. The Owner leads to a pickup truck. King throws his duffle bag in back, climbs behind the wheel.

Harry climbs back inside the taxi.

HARRY

Yeah, okay. But no drunk tanks.
I don't want to get married just yet.

DRIVER

(shrugs)
Suit yourself.

Across the street, King's pickup blows black smoke. After a couple of big revs, it pulls into the street. King waves to the Owner and heads out of town. Harry's taxi follows.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. HIGHWAY OUT OF TOWN - DUSK

41

King's truck turns off the main road and heads down a smaller access road.

42 EXT. RANCH - DUSK

42

King pulls down a long gravel driveway. Waiting at the other end is a ranch house with smoke puffing out of the chimney. A couple of Ranch Hands come over to greet the arriving pickup.

43 EXT. ROAD IN FRONT OF RANCH

43

It's getting dark as Harry's taxi pulls up. Harry climbs out. Middle of goddamn nowhere.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

HARRY

Be right back.

DRIVER

Meter's still runnin'.

Harry checks the total. Almost \$100. He sneaks around the main gate and starts toward the house, at least a half-mile away.

44 EXT. RANCH

44

Harry hides in the dark behind a grassy mound. The house glows from within. DOGS are BARKING everywhere, but not because of Harry. There's plenty of activity to arouse them.

The front door of the house springs open and a young MOTHER and her DAUGHTER race out to surround King with hugs and kisses. The little girl bounces up and down shouting, "Daddy."

HARRY

(mutters)

Sonofabitch.

As the family move toward the house, an older man, the FOREMAN, rides his horse over and greets King warmly. He introduces King to the younger man with him, his new HAND. Only he doesn't call him Mr. King. It's Mr. McGraw now.

They all enter the house and Harry can see the warm greetings continue in the kitchen. A sudden chill bites the dark sky and Harry decides to leave.

45 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

45

Harry's taxi returns to the small town.

46 INT. TAXI

46

Harry sits alone with his thoughts. The meter goes over \$125.

DRIVER

Whoa, I think we're gonna make it.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

HARRY

Make what?

DRIVER

A hundred fifty. That'd be a new record. Old one was a hundred forty-two dollars and seventy cents. Now, that was a real story.

HARRY

Don't bother.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. TOWN - SUNRISE MOTEL - NIGHT

47

Harry pays the record fare to the cabbie, then trudges toward the motel office. At least two letters are missing from the sign in front.

A sedan stops in front of the motel. (We might have noticed it on the highway or rural roads. Part of traffic).

The woman from the plane sits in the sedan. She watches Harry crossing from the motel office to his room. Once he disappears, she wheels into the parking lot like someone who knows how to drive. She enters the office.

CUT TO:

48 INT. HARRY'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

48

The TV is on, but barely. Harry is sitting on a tiny bed eating crackers and chocolate bars, drinking something purple. He is on the phone.

HARRY

Send the money to the post office. I should get it in two days. I'll be here that long. Probably more.

49 INT. MISS DOLAN'S ROOM - ST. SIMONE HOTEL - NIGHT

49

Another silk bathrobe. INTERCUT as needed.

(CONTINUED)

MISS DOLAN

I have the feeling you're holding something back, Mr. Dobbs.

HARRY

Hey, I told you what I saw. He visited someone on a ranch somewhere.

MISS DOLAN

Was there a woman on the ranch?

HARRY

Yeah... Looked like a family to me.

Miss Dolan sits on her bed. The contrast between her appointed room and Harry's dump is startling.

MISS DOLAN

What if I told you that we were to be married once?

HARRY

Hey, some people say when you're married, you're finished.

MISS DOLAN

Oh, I don't regret it. I was younger then. And that was before I learned what Rick was really like.

HARRY

That'd be quite an education.

MISS DOLAN

Just don't turn your back on him. Unless you want a hole in it.

HARRY

I'll keep that in mind.

MISS DOLAN

Call me tomorrow. I'll be here.

HARRY

Right. And I'll be... here.

(CUT TO:

50 INT. DORIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

50

The PHONE RINGS. Doris answers. She has to signal someone to turn down loud MUSIC.

DORIS

Hello.

50A INT. HARRY'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

50A

INTERCUT as needed.

HARRY

Hello, Doris.

DORIS

Harry. Where are you?

HARRY

Sounds like you're having a party.

DORIS

I'm listening to music.

HARRY

Who with?

DORIS

Oh, a few friends.

HARRY

Do you want me never to work,
Doris? Is that what you want?

DORIS

I don't want anything anymore,
Harry. I've wised up. And
with every day, I learn more.

HARRY

Doris, I'm sitting in the worst
dump and I'm lonely and I love
you.

DORIS

It doesn't matter, Harry. Not
anymore.

HARRY

What're you talking about?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

50A CONTINUED:

50A

HARRY (CONT'D)

When I come back, we're gonna
spend the whole weekend in bed.
We'll order in from that little
Portuguese...

DORIS

Listen, take care of yourself,
Harry. I've got to go now.
Goodbye.

The CLICK hurts Harry's ear. He leans back on the
bed and bangs his head against the wall.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

51

Harry wanders down Main Street. Absolutely everything
is closed. He stops at the used car lot and general
store. There's a two-door for \$250. Harry will remem-
ber that. He heads back to the motel.

52 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

52

Harry heads for his room. The rental car is parked in
front of another room. The room window is steamed up
and a silhouette moves inside. Harry is intrigued and
watches a moment.

MUSIC comes from inside the room and there is soft can-
dlelight flickering. And a woman's shape.

Harry looks around, steps closer.

The woman from the airport has just taken a bath and
is moving around. Through the foggy window and dim
orange light, Harry cannot see her face. But what he
can see looks pretty damn good.

The MOTEL MANAGER comes from his office to feed the
cats. Harry pretends to be walking back to his room.

HARRY

(overly friendly)
Evenin'.

He tips his hat but the manager just watches him.

53 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

53

The woman from the airport is toweling dry when she hears Harry's VOICE outside talking with the motel man. She quickly blows out the nearest candle and smears a small peephole in the window.

Harry is just entering his room. The woman watches, then takes a piece of fried chicken from a cardboard box. She seems self-contained. And not just because of the very portable music system, well-chosen books, or compact carrying case. It's in her eyes. She's doing what she wants to do, and on her own terms. Maybe it wasn't always like this, but it is now.

As she returns to the bathroom, we GLIMPSE something else that impresses us. Hanging on the back of a chair is a hideaway holster and snubnose .38.

This woman's name is STELLA.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. USED CAR LOT AND GENERAL STORE - MORNING

54

Harry barterers with the lot OWNER.

OWNER

Price is two-fifty.

HARRY

Give you one seventy-five.

OWNER

Price is two-fifty.

HARRY

Two hundred.

OWNER

Price is...

HARRY

Tell you what. I'll give you a hundred fifty for however long I use it. And when I return, it's yours free.

OWNER

(first look at Harry)

You mean rental.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

HARRY
Right, like a rental.

OWNER
I'm not in the rental business.
Price is two-fifty.

Harry checks his wallet.

HARRY
Listen, I only got a hundred
and fifty. I'll pay the other
bill tomorrow. Promise.

OWNER
(longer look)
You will pay me another hundred
tomorrow and I get the car when
you're done.

HARRY
Okay, okay.

As they walk back to the office, we SPOT Stella watch-
ing from her car across the street.

HARRY
(to owner)
You ever think about moving to
Atlantic City?

CUT TO:

55 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

55

Harry drives toward the McGraw ranch. He doesn't know
that Stella has a tail on him.

56 EXT. RURAL ROADS - DAY

56

Harry continues toward the ranch.

57 EXT. ROAD IN FRONT OF RANCH - DAY

57

Harry parks his car away from the ranch entrance. He
can see enough to observe daily activity on the place.
McGraw's pickup is parked in the driveway.

58 EXT. ROAD - FURTHER DOWN 58
Stella is watching Harry. Through binoculars.

59 WITH HARRY 59
He sits on his car hood, pondering. Then he takes a map from the car and starts to walk in the direction of the ranch. Stella watches.

60 EXT. RANCH - DAY 60
Harry enters through the main gate. As he moves toward the house, he sees McGraw in the large barn with the foreman.
The young ranch hand is chopping wood. Harry heads in McGraw's direction, but the young mother comes from the house. Her name is ELLEN.

ELLEN
May I help you?

Harry pulls a map out of his pocket.

HARRY
I'm afraid I'm lost.

McGraw turns from the barn, but Ellen just waves at him.

ELLEN
Where are you going?

HARRY
That's my problem, I'm not really sure. Parked my car up on the road. Saw your house.

She has a very sweet smile and unvarnished skin. Harry loves her smile.

ELLEN
That's fine, but we have to get you on track. Now, where are you coming from?

HARRY
From town. Actually, what I need is to use your phone. I'll pay for it.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

ELLEN

Don't be silly. Come on in.

As they head for the house, the hired hand looks up from his chores and stares at Ellen. She pretends not to notice, but Harry does. Mr. McGraw calls from the barn.

MCGRAW

What's going on, Ellen?

ELLEN

This man needs to use the phone.
It's all right.

Harry waves to McGraw as he follows Ellen into the house.

61 INT. KITCHEN

61

A little GIRL sits at the table, demolishing a piece of pie. She looks up at Harry.

GIRL

What's your name?

HARRY

Harry.

GIRL

Harry what?

HARRY

Uh, Jones. Johnson, actually.

GIRL

Harry Johnson.

HARRY

That's right.

GIRL

Where are you from? You're not from here?

HARRY

No, uh, I'm not. Just need to use your phone.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

GIRL

Mommy, do we have to?

ELLEN

Now, finish your pie, Missy.

(to Harry)

Phone's in the hall.

HARRY

Thank you very much. It'll only
take a minute. It's local.

62 INT. HALLWAY

62

Harry dials the phone, only six digits, fakes a conversation. His eyes scan the place as he talks. Photos of the James McGraw family, of their daughter, prize-winning cattle, etc. A real life with a real history.

HARRY

(into phone)

Say Merle, it's me, Harry
Johnson. Now, where the hell
am I supposed to be? That's
right, Merle, I'm lost. What
do you mean, again?

Ellen smiles and brings Harry a cup of coffee as he talks.

HARRY

Oh, thanks a lot. Merle needs
to know where I am right now.

ELLEN

You're at the McGraw ranch on
the Northwest Prairie road.

HARRY

McGraw ranch, Northwest Prairie
road, Merle. Uh huh. Uh huh.
Really?

He is about to hang up when the ranch hand enters to
get a glass of water from the sink. Ellen has re-
turned to the kitchen to dry dishes.

(CONTINUED)

Harry continues his conversation long enough to notice the ranch hand stay at the sink longer than he needs to, so that he can rub his side up against Ellen's. She doesn't pull away at first, but gives him a look. He merely smiles.

RANCH HAND

Thanks for the drink, Mrs. McGraw.

ELLEN

You're most welcome, Art.

ART tips his hat and leaves the house, but not before Ellen catches herself looking. Harry finishes his monologue.

HARRY

Okay, Merle, I should be there in about an hour. 'Bye.

He brings his cup over to Ellen.

HARRY

Boy, if I had a place like this, I'd be the world's most happy fella.

ELLEN

It's a lot of work, Mr. Johnson.

HARRY

But it brings everything so close together. Know what I mean?

The screen DOOR SLAMS and heavy BOOTS are heard. Harry looks up.

MCGRAW

I'm James McGraw, who are you?

HARRY

Johnson, Harry Johnson. I was just telling your wife how much I admire your spread here.

McGraw has a deep impressive manner. His wife steps back as he enters. A little of her smile fades. McGraw looks suspiciously at Harry without saying a word.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

HARRY
Well, thanks again.

He nods at the McGraws and exits.

63 EXT. RANCH HOUSE

63

Harry tips his hat to Art on his way out.

64 EXT. DRIVEWAY

64

Harry walks back to his new old car. He sorts a few thoughts and tries not to smoke a cigarette.

Stella studies his features through binoculars.

Harry's car barely starts, obviously worth the \$250 he paid for it. It finally roars to life with a loud BACKFIRE.

65 AT THE RANCH HOUSE

65

McGraw, Ellen and Art react to what sounds like a gunshot. The dust trail from Harry's car drives away. McGraw notices the flash of another car down the distant road as Stella follows Harry.

CUT TO:

66 INT. HARRY'S CAR - DAY

66

He drives to the main intersection and maneuvers so that he is in a position to watch undetected.

Harry slumps down in his seat and waits.

Stella has doubled back for a view of Harry. She parks. After a while, she opens her paperback to a marked page. The title of the book is "The Love Manual".

CUT TO:

67 INT. HARRY'S CAR - TWILIGHT

67

Harry finishes his last beer and pisses behind a tree. He watches the red sun and black clouds.

With a sigh, he decides to punch out and call it a day like other hired hands in the neighborhood.

Then he sees McGraw's pickup coming down the road and is suddenly punched back in.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. ROAD - DUSK

68

Harry's car takes a comfortable position behind McGraw's truck. Stella does likewise behind Harry.

69 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

69

McGraw leads down unfamiliar roads until he comes to a cluster of old log buildings and a lively tavern and restaurant.

McGraw finds a space in front and joins the crowd inside.

Harry drives past, then U-turns on the highway and pulls over. Stella appears to keep going.

70 INT. HARRY'S PARKED CAR

70

He's not only cold and bored, but hungry as well. He decides to go inside.

71 INT. STELLA'S PARKED CAR

71

She's hungry, too. But more professional than Harry, and so she waits in her car.

72 INT. TAVERN

72

People are either at the long bar having a good time, or at tables and eating good food. Either way, Harry is practically drooling at the prospects.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

He spots McGraw continuing past the bar to a telephone booth. Harry takes the opportunity to sit in the corner. A WAITRESS comes over with a square dancer's skirt and a menu.

HARRY

Just bring me a couple of double cheeseburgers, I'm kinda in a hurry. And a draft beer.

WAITRESS

Chicken-fried steaks are real good.

HARRY

Next time, I promise.

73 INT. STELLA'S CAR - NIGHT

73

It's too dark to read and her hot coffee is anything but. The barbeque smoke from the restaurant has a taste to it.

74 INT. TAVERN

74

Harry has finished his beer and the food has arrived. All with McGraw still on the phone.

When the waitress asks about another draft, Harry agrees with her.

McGraw finally hangs up and steps out of the booth. He looks upset as he sits at the bar. Harry easily turns the other way and is not seen.

Harry has another view of the restaurant now. He notices a partially hidden woman sitting alone at her table reading a paperback book while she eats. Stella.

McGraw has a quick stop at the bar.

BARTENDER

One more time, Jim?

MCGRAW

Naw, gotta get back home.

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER

Sure is good to see ya, Jim, how long this time?

McGraw glances in the direction of his last phone conversation.

MCGRAW

Might leave for a day or so, but I'm here now for a few months.

BARTENDER

Rancher almost needs his own plane these days. Your other spread doing okay?

MCGRAW

Fine, fine. Doubled our grazing and sold very well at market.

BARTENDER

Big storm in November, right?

MCGRAW

Passed through in two days, didn't lose much.

McGraw gets off his stool.

BARTENDER

Say hi to Ellen, bring her around some night.

MCGRAW

Will do.

He pulls up his collar and is out the door. Harry starts to rise, but it's been a long day already and he's still hungry.

HARRY

(to himself)

Evenin', Jim.

Harry washes down his last bite with another beer. He tosses a few bills on the table and notices that the woman who was reading is no longer there.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT

75

Harry's car barely starts again and when it pulls away it's got indigestion. Stella follows.

76 EXT. ROADS - NIGHT

76

Harry drives the route back to town. Stella keeps her distance.

77 INT. HARRY'S CAR

77

Almost lulled to sleep by the night drive and a full stomach, Harry jolts awake when his CAR BACKFIRES. Then something METAL CLANGS and the engine dies. Harry steers over to the side of the road. The only other car is coming from behind. Harry quickly sizes up the situation and leaps out.

78 EXT. ROAD

78

Harry is determined not to be stuck out here, wherever here is. He stands in the middle of the pavement and waves his arms. The approaching car would have to run him over to pass.

79 INT. STELLA'S CAR

79

For the first time, Stella seems unsure. She has no choice but to stop.

80 EXT. ROAD

80

Harry steps over to Stella's window. He pauses a moment when he sees that it's her.

HARRY

Thanks. My car just committed suicide.

No sympathy.

HARRY

I wonder if you might give me a lift...

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

He glances at her car.

HARRY

Seeing's how we're both staying
at the same place.

CUT TO:

81 INT. STELLA'S CAR - NIGHT

81

She drives in silence. Harry sneaks in a couple of
eyefulls. He reaches for her book on the dashboard,
but Stella puts it in back. Then she drills him with
a look.

STELLA

Why are you following me?

HARRY

I could ask you the same thing.

STELLA

That's not an answer. I saw
you at the airport and the motel
before tonight.

HARRY

Well, they say it's a small world.

She pulls her car over to the side of the dark road
and stops.

STELLA

Out.

HARRY

What would that prove?

STELLA

Look, I am here visiting friends
and I've seen you three times in
two days and you have not told
me why.

HARRY

Maybe we know some of the same
people.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

She means business. Harry inhales, puts his hands up in surrender. She pauses, without softening her mood.

STELLA

One word and you walk.

She roars her car ahead into the night and Harry shuts up.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

82

Stella's car bounces into the parking lot and she is quickly standing beside it with Harry.

HARRY

One question. Is James McGraw one of your friends?

Pause.

STELLA

No.

Harry smiles and extends his hand to shake.

HARRY

Thank you very much for the lift.

STELLA

Right.

She starts for her room, carrying the paperback.

HARRY

Maybe next time we can discuss that book you're reading.

She unlocks her room and draws the curtains.

CUT TO:

83 INT. DORIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

83

More loud MUSIC and goings on. Doris picks up a RINGING TELEPHONE.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

DORIS

Yeah, hello.

STELLA (V.O.)

Hello, Doris...

84 INT. STELLA'S MOTEL ROOM

84

INTERCUT as needed.

STELLA

... it's Stella.

DORIS

Oh, right, right.

(to someone else)

Hey, turn that down.

Doris stretches the cord into the hall.

DORIS

I've been waiting for your call.
What did you find out?

STELLA

Basically what you told me. He's
on a job.

DORIS

Does he see her everyday?

STELLA

No. Only in the city.

Doris pauses.

DORIS

Did you talk to him?

STELLA

Yes, by accident.

DORIS

What did you talk about?

STELLA

We didn't. His car broke down
and I gave him a ride.

(CONTINUED)

DORIS

That was pretty stupid, don't you think?

STELLA

It was unavoidable.

DORIS

Oh yeah? And what else was unavoidable?

STELLA

What do you mean by that?

DORIS

Your agency said I could trust you.

STELLA

I'm not having this conversation with you, Doris.

DORIS

They said a woman could get closer to him. Now that I know what they mean, I want my money back.

STELLA

I'm getting off now, Doris. If you want to replace me, I understand, it's your privilege. But, right now I'm going to sleep.

DORIS

Yeah, for a long time, 'cause you're fired!

CUT TO:

85

INT. HARRY'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

85

Harry is also on the phone.

HARRY

Miss Dolan's room. What? Any forwarding number? Right, 'bye.

He hangs up and tries Doris' number.

*A86

EXT. DORIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

A86

Through the window, we see Doris and someone having a good time inside.

- 86 INT. DORIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT 86
Doris decides to let the PHONE RING unanswered this time.
- 87 INT. HARRY'S MOTEL ROOM 87
Harry pulls off his shoes and stands wearily at the window. Stella's car is the only one in the lot. He thinks about that a moment.
- CUT TO:
- 88 INT. HARRY'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 88
Harry is fast asleep when the PHONE JANGLES him awake. He manages to lift the receiver.
- HARRY
This better be good.
- 89 INT. SWANK HOTEL - NIGHT 89
Miss Dolan. Same mood, different hotel room. INTER-CUT as needed.
- MISS DOLAN
Rick called me.
- It takes Harry a moment.
- HARRY
Miss Dolan?
- MISS DOLAN
I'm frightened. Please come back.
- HARRY
Did you check out of that hotel?
- MISS DOLAN
I had to, he threatened me. I'm at the Devonshire now, registered as Phillips. Please, I need protection.
- HARRY
And I need some answers.

(CONTINUED)

MISS DOLAN

I'll tell you what I know tomorrow. He'll kill me if he finds me, Mr. Dobbs.

HARRY

Harry... Relax. He can't get to you before I do. He did look a little red when he came from the phone tonight.

MISS DOLAN

You talked to him? Did he mention me at all?

HARRY

It didn't come up.

MISS DOLAN

So strange speaking with him tonight. It's been a while.

HARRY

Well, the guy's got a busy schedule. So listen, I'll pick up your money at the post office and catch the first flight out.

MISS DOLAN

(still thinking about
her phone call)

That voice always gave me the chills. Only before they felt good.

Something petty makes Harry feel jealous for a moment. He decides to raise Miss Dolan's temperature.

HARRY

Are you interested in his second wife at all?

MISS DOLAN

What did you say? Another wife?

HARRY

Looks that way. We'll talk when I get into town, okay?

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (2)

89

Miss Dolan sits slowly on the bed.

MISS DOLAN

Yes, don't tell me anything else now. Thank you, Mr. Dobbs, good night.

HARRY

Harry.

He hangs up and thinks about Miss Dolan's voice for a moment.

CUT TO:

90 INT./EXT. MOTEL - EARLY MORNING

90

Harry is in the office. The lot is completely empty now.

HARRY

So what time did Miss Whatshername leave?

MANAGER

Early.

HARRY

What is her name?

MANAGER

I don't remember.

The old man unlocks a cash drawer to give Harry change. Harry sneaks a look at the registration book. Miss Smith is all it says. Harry frowns.

CUT TO:

91 EXT. USED CAR LOT

91

Harry drives out in a rattle-trap sedan with \$100 price tag painted on the front window. The lot owner watches it belch out of town.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - MORNING

92

Harry's latest car barely makes it to the front of the terminal. Harry and his suitcase climb out. He leaves the car where it sits.

CUT TO:

93 INT. AIRPLANE - MORNING

93

Harry reads the sports section. The flight is nearly empty. A strange sensation makes Harry turn around. Isolated near the rear of the plane, he sees Stella reading her book. Harry moves over.

HARRY

Get to the good part yet?

He sits uninvited in the empty seat next to her. She is slow to look.

STELLA

One of us is going to move.

HARRY

Not before the other explains what's going on.

STELLA

I don't know what you're talking about.

HARRY

I can find out, you know. And it won't make me happy if you're working for McGraw. Or King.

STELLA

Is that a threat?

HARRY

Let's just say I'm good at what I do.

STELLA

Fooled me.

HARRY

What's that supposed to mean?

(CONTINUED)

STELLA

You get too close to your
subject, Mr. Dobbs.

HARRY

You mean when I went to his
house? Well, you're wrong.
It was a very shrewd move.

She seems unconvinced.

HARRY

Talk about close. You got an
old green Morgan at the airport?

Surprise.

HARRY

And what about picking me up in
the road? Cardinal sin.

STELLA

(defensive)

It was unavoidable.

HARRY

And maybe you're off hours now,
eh?

STELLA

I want you to move.

The Stewardess passes.

HARRY

Bring us a coupla Bloody Mary's,
okay, honey?

STELLA

Look, Mr. Dobbs...

HARRY

Harry.

STELLA

... this is not ethical.

HARRY

If it was ethics we're discussing,
there'd be a lotta silence.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2)

93

The drinks arrive and Harry holds his out for a toast.

HARRY

Bad luck to refuse a toast.

She just stares at him, then takes the two vodka bottles and pours them into her empty glass and swallows them both in one gulp. Harry gestures to the book on her lap.

HARRY

So does that book explain about when you fall for someone whether it's the smile or the situation that you're going for?

His drink is still in toast position before he downs it.

STELLA

What?

HARRY

You look like someone who might know that answer.

Stella really doesn't want to get into this. But somehow when the Stewardess passes, Stella snaps her fingers and nods for a refill. She inhales, becomes all business.

STELLA

Are you in love with someone, Mr. Dobbs.

HARRY

Harry.

STELLA

Do you think she's in love with you?

HARRY

Well, it's hard to tell. She's got a temper.

Two more vodkas arrive.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

See, we're sorta broken up now.
Demolished, basically. But
when I think about it, I don't
remember the tough times.

STELLA

Are you waiting for her?

HARRY

Waiting?

STELLA

The one who's in love always
waits.

HARRY

Says who?

STELLA

It's in the book.

HARRY

Well, the only waiting I been
doing is outside a certain man's
home. Two homes.

STELLA

Maybe you're in love with someone
else.

HARRY

Yeah? Like who?

She sips her drink, possibly ending the conversation.

HARRY

I really need help in this.
Pretty please.

She faces him finally.

STELLA

It's a fact you can squash the
person you're in love with under
the weight of love itself.
Especially during an argument.

HARRY

Squash?

(CONTINUED)

STELLA

But then something usually happens that makes you jealous, and feel threatened.

HARRY

Not me, sorry.

STELLA

You say you can't get hurt because you're no longer part of it.

HARRY

Part of what?

STELLA

This feeling of love that you have. But you're suffering because in fact, they're not part of it. And then you blame yourself...

HARRY

No, I think it's her fault, really.

STELLA

... and you feel guilty. And you suffer.

HARRY

Swell.

STELLA

And so, either because you're feeling guilty or because you want to show this person how unhappy you are, you become critical of yourself. You change your habits, your clothes, cut your hair. And you wait. It's the lovers' signature, it's their identity.

HARRY

What is?

STELLA

They are the ones who wait.

HARRY

It says all that in the book, eh?

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (5)

93

STELLA

It says some, you say some.

HARRY

Uh huh. So what about someone who waits for someone who waits?

STELLA

I haven't got to that part yet.

She returns her eyes outside the window.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. AIRPORT PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

94

Harry walks Stella to her sportscar.

HARRY

So, am I gonna see you around?

STELLA

No, Mr. Dobbs, when you turn around now, all you'll see is your shoulder.

HARRY

Hey, I mean, you know, dinner, maybe a show. Something unethical.

STELLA

I'm afraid I can't do that.

HARRY

Why not? You waiting on someone else?

STELLA

Yes.

HARRY

Oh.

STELLA

I have an agency to deal with.

HARRY

Forget the agency. Work for yourself. It's the only way.

(CONTINUED)

STELLA

Like you.

HARRY

Sure, why not?

She unlocks her car.

HARRY

Come on.

STELLA

I'll think about it.

HARRY

So, what's your name, I'll phone you? You know I can find out.

STELLA

I'm not so sure.

HARRY

You can make it easy, or you can test me.

She sighs.

STELLA

Stella.

HARRY

I like that. Got another one?
And don't say Smith.

She climbs inside her car.

STELLA

You don't want to know me.

HARRY

Too late for that.

She starts the car with a roar.

STELLA

So why do you think your man has two families?

HARRY

Most bigamists do. Who paid you to follow me?

(CONTINUED)

STELLA

Do you think he loves them both
equally?

HARRY

Does it matter?

STELLA

Don't you think it would? To
him, I mean?

HARRY

Was it Miss Dolan?

STELLA

Believe me, it's not important.

She pulls out of the parking lot. Harry lingers over
her image before walking to his own car.

CUT TO:

*A95 EXT. DEVONSHIRE HOTEL - DAY

A95

Harry parks his car and enters the hotel lobby.

95 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - ROOM DOOR - DAY

95

An eye fills the peephole. A beautiful eye. It is
peering at an image of Harry Dobbs. The door swings
open and Miss Dolan breathily ushers Harry inside.

96 INT. MISS DOLAN'S ROOM

96

Even swankier than the last hotel. Harry is wearing
the same rumpled clothes. The sight of Miss Dolan
flitting nervously around the room is disturbing to
Harry. In good and bad ways.

MISS DOLAN

I'm so glad you're here, Mr.
Dobbs.

HARRY

Harry.

MISS DOLAN

I am ready now to hear what you've
learned.

(interrupting)

Would you like a drink?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Yeah, sure.

MISS DOLAN

Cognac okay?

HARRY

Sure.

She smiles briefly, already pouring two snifters and shooting some seltzer.

By the time Miss Dolan has handed Harry the cognac, she has also allowed just enough misty daylight into the conversation to make Harry feel the need to sit. MUSIC starts from somewhere and Miss Dolan slides close beside Harry.

MISS DOLAN

So. From the beginning.

HARRY

The beginning. Okay. I didn't like the airplane...

MISS DOLAN

(interrupting again)

You poor dear. You must be exhausted.

She puts her hand on his.

MISS DOLAN

Please go on.

HARRY

Look, why don't you tell me what you know? It's easier that way.

MISS DOLAN

I'm afraid my story is very complicated.

HARRY

Start with the phone call. He threatened you. How?

MISS DOLAN

It's very sad, actually.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MISS DOLAN

Seems like the only thing one can do in a situation like this is sit alone in a room with some comfort close at hand. There's nothing to remember, really. Or forget. One just wants to come out of it all right. It's not so bad being lonely as long as you're all right. Physically, I mean.

HARRY

Believe me, you're doing just fine.

MISS DOLAN

I don't know, Harry. Can I call you Harry?

HARRY

The phone call, Miss Dolan.

MISS DOLAN

You think I still love him, don't you? I know that he does. He thinks that's why I came to town. To be close to him, wait my turn, take my chances... Well, I could never love him again. Especially if what you said on the phone is... true.

HARRY

How true it is I can't tell you. But I know it's a fact.

Miss Dolan's eyes well up.

MISS DOLAN

Two wives... My God...

She leans on Harry's shoulder. He is thinking that she feels better than she looks, if that's possible.

HARRY

Look, just let him go, wipe out his memory. Whatever you do, don't get jealous. Then you'll start hurting yourself, feeling guilty, cutting your hair. And I like it the way it is.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (3)

96

MISS DOLAN

Do I look okay to you, Harry? I
can't tell anymore. He said I
was ugly.

HARRY

His eyesight's as bad as his
manners.

She turns her face.

MISS DOLAN

My profile. He makes fun of my
nose.

HARRY

Your profile is perfect, Miss
Dolan, all the way down.

She sits erect.

MISS DOLAN

You've got to be careful now.
You know something, too.

HARRY

Tell me what you know, Miss
Dolan. What he doesn't want
you to tell.

MISS DOLAN

He's so very dangerous. He's
taken money from people, beat
them up. Maybe even... murder.

HARRY

All-around good guy, eh?

MISS DOLAN

Oh, part of him is. Part of him
is the best that men have to offer.
It makes one want him badly when
he's like that. Do you understand?

HARRY

It's the other part that interests
me.

She looks at Harry with eyes that could melt armor.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (4)

96

MISS DOLAN

I'm really glad that you're here.

She kisses him. It has a dizzying effect. Suddenly, there is a KNOCK on the door and she jumps back.

MISS DOLAN

Oh God, it's him... God!

Harry loosens his gun, steps to the door, peeps through the eyehole. Then he opens the door slowly.

A BELLBOY is there with Miss Dolan's dry cleaning. Harry takes the four silk robes in different colors, and tips the young man before closing the door.

HARRY

I think I better take a room in the hotel. Across the hall if I can get it.

MISS DOLAN

Yes, I want you to.

She returns to the couch and her drink.

MISS DOLAN

Now that you're here, I feel that no one can lay a finger on me.

HARRY

Right. Just lock your door and don't answer it. I'm gonna check in.

She smiles at him and that confuses him even more.

CUT TO:

97 INT. SAME CORRIDOR (HALF-HOUR LATER)

97

The same bellboy leads Harry to the room opposite Miss Dolan's. A "Do Not Disturb" sign hangs from her door.

The bellboy smiles slyly as he leads Harry inside the room. Harry dismisses his unsaid comments with a dollar bill.

97A INT. HOTEL LOBBY

97A

The bellboy comes from the elevator and steps near a thick-necked man of lethal proportions. (Why does he seem familiar to us?)

BELLBOY

He's moved in across the hall from her.

The LETHAL MAN reaches into his pocket and comes up with \$20, which causes the bellboy an equal amount of pleasure. Then the man moves to the public telephone and dials a number.

98 INT. HARRY'S HOTEL ROOM

98

Harry immediately starts to pace. He opens the door to see Miss Dolan's, double-checking the "Do Not Disturb" sign. He steps across and presses his ear to her door.

The same bellboy is at the other end of the hall, picking up some trays. He winks at Harry, who retreats back inside his room.

99 YELLOW PAGES

99

* Harry flips through the list of detective agencies, and begins to dial: "AA Protection Service."

HARRY

(into phone)

Yeah, hi, do you have a woman working there named Stella?

CUT TO:

*100 EXT. DART AGENCY - DAY

100

Tucked neatly between two taller buildings. A Dart Agency logo is stenciled on the front window: a fist grabbing a lightning bolt.

*101 INT. DART AGENCY - CLOSE - CORRINE DART

101

She runs the place.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

Various Employees wander around; things are busy. A bullish crime-fighting market.

Corrine's attention is on Stella, walking through the waiting room into Corrine's office.

Stella stands by the window, stares out.

STELLA

I suppose you think I'm a failure, Corrine.

Corrine's voice is a well-tuned foghorn.

CORRINE

What do you wanna hear? That people don't get fired? Well, they do. That's the bottom line, kid.

STELLA

I didn't do anything wrong.

CORRINE

Who said anything about wrong? The client didn't like what you were doing, so you got canned. Pure and simple.

STELLA

Well, I didn't deserve it. You shoulda stood up for me.

CORRINE

Look, kid, maybe I could help you find another kinda job. Something you're more suited for. What were you before? A taxi driver, right?

STELLA

I don't think you know what I'm suited for, Corrine.

CORRINE

Stella, from the beginning I'm wondering what you're doing here. I mean, you wander in, say you want detective work. Like it was a haircut. Your first big assignment, you blow it.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

101

STELLA

I let you down? Is that what you're saying?

CORRINE

I'm saying you're smart, you look okay, you got some class. I have to do this work just to get attention. Not you. I mean, why do you wanna hang around shady characters looking for things that never add up? You gotta be a little weird for that, Stella. And you're not weird.

She takes a full look at Stella.

CORRINE

Well, not that weird. Not enough to keep a man away. What ever happened to that guy? He come back, or what?

A sharp pause.

CORRINE

I mean, I know you were on the rebound from a bad love deal, but this work ain't a cure-all, y'know?

STELLA

Do you want to get rid of me, Corrine?

CORRINE

Stella, I'm just trying to help you, okay? You're the kinda gal who should be with a guy on a date, not on a stakeout.

STELLA

You let me worry about the men in my life, understand?

CORRINE

And you let me run my business the way I have to.

STELLA

So I'm fired.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (3)

101

Corrine simply leans back and lights another smoke.

STELLA

Well, that's just fine with me.
It's perfect! 'Cause I don't
need you, I don't need anybody!

Stella pivots and stomps out of the office without
ever glancing back.

Corrine sighs. Her PHONE RINGS. She vents frustra-
tion into the receiver, barking like a Doberman.

CORRINE

Yeah, Corrine Dart, whadaya want?

102 INT. HARRY'S HOTEL ROOM

102

Harry is pacing with the phone in his hand. INTERCUT
as needed.

HARRY

I'm trying to locate one of your
employees. Her name is Stella...

CORRINE

(quick and sharp)
She don't work here no more.

HARRY

(encouraged)
But you know her?

CORRINE

Not really. Who're you, what
d'ya want?

HARRY

Well, I'm her cousin from out of
town, and I seem to have lost her
phone number...

But she has already hung up. Harry frowns at the
sharp CLICK in his ear. He takes a moment, then dials
Miss Dolan's room across the hall. No answer.

CUT TO:

103 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY (MINUTES LATER) 103

Harry steps across the hall to knock lightly on Miss Dolan's door.

HARRY

Hey, Miss Dolan... It's Harry.

Still no answer. He knocks louder. More of a pound. Then he becomes concerned.

CUT TO:

104 INT. MISS DOLAN'S ROOM (TEN MINUTES LATER) 104

Harry is allowed inside by the same bellboy. Harry stalks through the two-chamber suite, but no sign of Miss Dolan. Her robe is tossed recklessly on the bed and drawers and closets are left open, but the woman herself is not in.

Harry swiftly strides past the bellboy, who suppresses a wisecrack.

CUT TO:

105 EXT. LAKESIDE PARK - AFTERNOON 105

Stella has been reading her same book, but now she is lost in thought, absently tossing peanuts at the ducks at her feet.

CUT TO:

106 INT. DORIS'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON 106

Doris is setting her hair in curlers and painting her nails a new color when the PHONE RINGS.

DORIS

Hello.

107 INT. PHONE BOOTH - AFTERNOON 107

Stella leans against the glass. INTERCUT as needed.

STELLA

Doris, it's Stella.

(CONTINUED)

DORIS

Who? Hey, I thought I said you were fired.

STELLA

Yeah, I got the message.

DORIS

Then what do you want?

STELLA

Um, well, I was wondering if you had a number on Harry.

*107A INT. DORIS' APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

107A

Bang goes the phone. Doris inhales, fury rising. She moves to the bed where a NAKED MAN is asleep. Suddenly, Doris includes him in her anger. She kicks the bed.

DORIS

Mario, get up!

MARIO stirs awake with a sexy groan.

DORIS

I said get the hell up, and the hell out!

She rips the covers off the bed and chases Mario to the front door with a flamingo statue.

MARIO

What's goin' on with you, angel!!

DORIS

I'm off men, okay!?

She heaves his clothes and his nude body into the hallway and slams the door.

CUT TO:

108 INT. STELLA'S SPORTSCAR - CITY STREETS - AFTERNOON

108

Stella drives and daydreams. Her forehead is knitted in thought. Then it smooths with a bright idea inside. Stella figures out where she is and makes a turn.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. KING RESIDENCE - DUSK

109

Stella's car crawls slowly down the street. As she rounds the bend to glimpse the King house, she notices what she came for. Harry's coupe.

Stella stops in the street a moment, then retreats to a safer place, hidden along the curb. She kills her engine, slumps in her seat, opens the book again.

110 INT. KING RESIDENCE - DUSK

110

MRS. KING enters the living room, carrying a tray with tea and cookies. Harry sits uncomfortably on the couch, twirling his hat between his fingers.

Mrs. King sets down the tray and sits opposite Harry as she pours.

MRS. KING

Have you know my husband very long, Mr. Wyman?

HARRY

No, not really, but long enough.

She cautiously sinks back in her chair and sips her tea. Friendly, but careful.

MRS. KING

So, what is the message my husband asked you to deliver?

HARRY

Mrs. King, does the name James McGraw have any meaning to you?

MRS. KING

No, that's not familiar to me. Why?

HARRY

He's someone your husband knows quite well.

MRS. KING

And?

HARRY

And, well, your husband is with him right now, actually.

MRS. KING

As I said when you first came in,
I'm not that familiar with Freddy's
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. KING (CONT'D)

business dealing. Is there something wrong, Mr. Wyman? Why do I get the feeling that something is wrong? Freddy's all right, isn't he?

HARRY

Yeah, sure, he's, uh, got his... hands full, but he's fine otherwise.

MRS. KING

You seem so nervous, I'm feeling something else.

HARRY

Oh, I apologize about that, Mrs. King, I really do. But, to tell you the truth, something has happened.

MRS. KING

To Freddy? Has something happened to Freddy?

HARRY

No, but to a friend of mine. Someone Fred knows about.

MRS. KING

I don't understand.

HARRY

Mr friend's name is Dolan. Your husband... uh...

MRS. KING

Yes?

HARRY

Well... he knows that I know her, that she's a friend of mine, And I thought maybe he might have mentioned her to you. I haven't seen her for awhile...

MRS. KING

You're confusing me, Mr. Wyman.

Harry sighs, stands.

HARRY

Look, I'm sorry, I see that you don't know anything about Miss Dolan or Mr. McGraw. And, y'know, I'm sorta anxious, so I came here just looking for something... Sorry ma'am.

111 EXT. KING RESIDENCE - DUSK

111

Harry steps away from the front door. Mrs. King appears unsettled.

HARRY

Look, Mrs. King, I'd appreciate it if you didn't mention all this to Fred. I mean, he might think I've gone around the bend, y'know?

MRS. KING

He'd understand, you're friends.

HARRY

Yeah well, a friend in need is a friend to avoid.

(tips his hat)

Sorry to bother you, goodbye.

He skips down the pathway to his coupe. Mrs. King watches a moment, then disappears inside.

112 HARRY

112

opens his car door and slides in the front seat. He has a passenger.

STELLA

I'm thirsty. How about you?

CUT TO:

113 INT. BLUE DANUBE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

113

Harry is on the pay phone.

HARRY

Right. Well, I'll be here for a little bit, then back at the hotel. If she comes in, call me. Right.

He hangs up, returns to a table where Stella nurses her drink. A romantic light is cast about, but Harry and Stella look like misfits.

HARRY

Bellboy hasn't seen her.

STELLA

But you said her clothes were still there.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Yeah.

STELLA

So we know she didn't leave permanently. If she left alone.

HARRY

Right. 'We?'

STELLA

Need a dictionary? You and me.

HARRY

That ain't written anywhere.

STELLA

This case is too spread out, Harry. You need a partner.

HARRY

You're looking at my partner.

STELLA

Yeah, and business is so good you haven't time to run to the bank to borrow rent money.

HARRY

I don't pay rent. Understand?

Stella leans forward on her elbows.

STELLA

You wanna be boss, Harry? Fine. I just wanna help you solve this.

HARRY

Why?

STELLA

Because it's so fucking exciting.

HARRY

And I was hoping it was my sexy good looks.

STELLA

Would that make a difference?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

To one of us, maybe.

STELLA

Are you afraid of me, Harry?

HARRY

Shaking in my boots.

STELLA

Afraid a woman might be better than you?

HARRY

Annie Oakley.

STELLA

Maybe. When there's a gun in my hand.

HARRY

Yeah? Who's?

She reaches out and slaps him with a move so quick and natural that it doesn't seem like a slap. Except Harry's face hurts. Stella folds her arm on the table top just as before, then continues on as if nothing happened.

HARRY

It's the first time we've touched.

STELLA

A woman's intuition could help you crack this thing.

Harry squints. His cheek still smarts.

STELLA

I coulda gotten more out of Mrs. King than you did.

HARRY

I got what I needed.

STELLA

You got nothing.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

What I needed to know.

STELLA

What? That her husband leads at least two different lives -- three if you count Dolan -- and that he hasn't bothered to inform her? Good work, Harry. Probably takes you an hour to cook minute rice.

HARRY

I didn't want to hurt her.

STELLA

Sometimes it helps to hurt.

Harry looks up.

HARRY

She really loves him.

STELLA

She said that?

HARRY

She didn't have to.

STELLA

Suddenly you're an expert.

HARRY

No. You're the expert. You got something. I'm not sure what, but I know it's there.

She makes a self-mocking expression. The light is flattering.

HARRY

Ever been married, Stella?

She sips her drink, shakes her head, "no."

HARRY

Me either. They say marriage is supposed to be the best you can do between two people. Or the worst.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (4)

113

She looks up at him flatly.

HARRY
You want kids, Stella?

STELLA
Kids?

HARRY
Yeah. Little people running
around with your face.

STELLA
I want kids, Harry. But not
now. Okay?

HARRY
No, I didn't mean now. Not at
all, now.

He tries another approach.

HARRY
So, Stella... who's the guy in
your life?

STELLA
You gonna call the cops, Harry,
or what?

HARRY
Are you that desperate for a
man?

STELLA
Your friend is missing. The guy
who mighta done it can hurt
people -- in strange ways. He's
selfish, Harry. And selfish
people get blind in a hurry.
And harmful. Now we can sit here
and you can flirt with me or we
can help each other and maybe
save somebody's life.

He looks directly into her eyes.

HARRY
Or fuck 'em up.

114 EXT. BLUE DANUBE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

114

Harry and Stella walk toward their cars. They stop at Harry's car first.

STELLA

I made three phone calls tonight, Harry. First, no one fitting Miss Dolan's description is in the morgue. Second, James McGraw has not been home all day. His wife says that he left for a cattlemen's meeting this morning and won't return until eleven o'clock tonight...

She looks at her watch.

STELLA

... just about now.

Harry looks at her, constantly amazed.

HARRY

What's the third call?

STELLA

Personal.

He nods, somehow more eager to pursue her business than his own.

HARRY

So what about this guy in your life, Stella?

STELLA

What guy?

HARRY

The one you're so pissed at. Or is it just the way you feel about all men?

STELLA

There, proves what I said about you, Harry. You don't know how to read people.

HARRY

I'm doin' all right.

(CONTINUED)

STELLA

Are you?

HARRY

If you could 'read me,' you'd know that I am.

She sizes him up with a head-to-toe eyeful.

STELLA

I see you as a guy living on the rocks with a woman you only became attached to in the first place because you got hypnotized. A woman of suspect stability, with a horrid temper, and someone who restricts the possibilities between two people who are supposedly looking for more than a good time between the sheets. How'm I doing?

He tries to stay cool.

HARRY

Uh, well, the... hypnotized part is kinda close.

She smiles.

HARRY

So Stella, lemme ask you something, you ever go to the racetrack? I mean, with this 'intuition' business..?

STELLA

(back on other subject)

Harry, tomorrow one of us has got to fly up north.

HARRY

Right... Me.

STELLA

Fine. I'll keep an eye on the King house and the hotel. Maybe make some calls.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

No.

STELLA

No? Okay. Then I'll leave first thing in the morning. You can reach me at that same motel.

HARRY

No.

STELLA

God damn you.

HARRY

That guy could be dangerous. Besides, there's something going on between Mrs. McGraw and a young ranch hand. It could get tricky and I don't want you up there alone.

STELLA

Harry, if you were born stupid you're having a relapse. I'll take the ten a.m. plane.

She writes into a small notepad, rips out the page for Harry.

STELLA

My phone number down here. I have a service.

HARRY

Stella, listen...

She looks directly into his eyes and suddenly Harry can't think of a thing to say, lost somewhere in her shine. She is softer than she has ever appeared to him.

STELLA

Good night, Harry.

Unexpectedly, she reaches her arm around his neck and pulls him in for a kiss on the lips.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (3)

114

Harry doesn't release her.

HARRY

What was that?

STELLA

It comes with the slap.

HARRY

Well, so does this.

He kisses her with enough force that it takes both their breaths away. She gives a little moan and he runs his hand down her backside.

HARRY

Come back to the hotel with me.

STELLA

No.

HARRY

Why not?

She pulls away again, searching for the all-business attitude.

STELLA

I'll call you.

She turns to walk to her car. Harry watches, then catches her at her door. They face each other for another embrace, even more heated than the previous.

STELLA

Harry... c'mon...

HARRY

Stella, something's happening in a hurry.

STELLA

You love a scene, Harry, that's all it is, you even told me...

HARRY

I never said that.

(CONTINUED)

STELLA

You said you couldn't tell the difference between a smile and a situation.

HARRY

Well, I'm learning fast. Come back with me. I just had a blood test, I'm fine.

STELLA

No.

She opens her car door and slips inside. Then she smiles before speeding into the night, passing a sedan parked in the shadows.

Slumped behind the wheel of the sedan is the Lethal Man we saw at Miss Dolan's hotel (and somewhere else that we can't quite recall). He is not interested in Stella. But as Harry starts his car and drives away, the sedan follows.

CUT TO:

*A115 INT. HARRY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A115

Harry is fully dressed, pacing. He's out of beer. And curious.

*115 INT. MISS DOLAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

115

Harry unlocks the door with the key he procured through detective means. Nothing has changed since the last time he was there. He snatches a beer from the well-stocked bar.

Harry begins pacing again. He mumbles to himself, picks up the telephone. He checks Stella's note, dials six numbers, then hangs up to resume pacing and mumbling. A WIND BLOWS through the curtains, and a VOICE ECHOES behind it.

STELLA'S VOICE

Why didn't you call me, Harry?
Maybe you are afraid.

Harry stops pacing.

HARRY

I am not afraid, okay?

(CONTINUED)

STELLA'S VOICE

Then why did you hang up?

Harry sees a FAINT VISION of Stella standing near the curtains. He fully accepts it.

HARRY

Because I...

STELLA

Because you don't want to be rejected?

HARRY

You're special, Stella. The most special woman I've ever met in my life. If I'm afraid of anything, it's that you're too special.

He takes a beer from a six-pack.

STELLA

I don't think I'm special.

HARRY

Oh, believe me, you are. In spades. And not because of the tough guy shit you're trying to pull. But underneath. Christ, makes me shake just thinking about you. When you kissed me, it was what kissing is meant to be. You can't cheat a kiss, Stella. You can give 'em away, and it's always fun when you do, but you sure as hell can't cheat a good kiss.

STELLA

So why tear our kisses in half?

HARRY

What? Me?

STELLA

Harry, I think you're special, too, my heart was pounding, too. And it's been awhile since my heart behaved that way. Lately, it's been in a shell, protected. Maybe I'm the one who's afraid, Harry.

HARRY

Well, not of me, 'cause I ain't gonna hurt you.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2)

115

STELLA

You don't even know me. No one
does.

HARRY

We're alike in certain ways, and
that's a start. I may not know
you, Stella, but I feel you.

STELLA

Yes. I think you do. Call me,
Harry. Now. Please.

Her IMAGE DISAPPEARS. Harry reaches for the phone.

116 INT. STELLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

116

The TELEPHONE awakens her.

*116A INT. MISS DOLAN'S HOTEL ROOM

116A

HARRY

Stella, it's me, Harry. Did I
wake you?

INTERCUT as needed.

STELLA

Yeah.

Beat.

HARRY

Well, what do you want me to
say?

STELLA

About what?

HARRY

You know.

STELLA

Why say anything? They're just
words.

HARRY

Words. Rubbing up against each
other.

(CONTINUED)

116A CONTINUED:

116A

STELLA

I really need some sleep, Harry.

HARRY

Okay. Partners, right?

STELLA

We agree finally.

HARRY

When two partners always agree,
one of 'em ain't necessary.

STELLA

Thanks for calling, Harry, I
appreciate it. And thanks for
the drink.

HARRY

Stella...

STELLA

What.

HARRY

Lemme come over there.

STELLA

I don't think so. Let's just do
what we're doing.

HARRY

What are we doing?

STELLA

I suppose we'll find out.

Beat.

HARRY

Just be careful with McGraw,
okay?

STELLA

I will.

HARRY

Okay. Good night, Stella.

(CONTINUED)

116A CONTINUED:

116A

STELLA

I'm glad we're partners, Harry.

HARRY

Me, too.

They both hang up.

Stella's eyes remain open for a moment, racing across the ceiling, anxious and excited.

Harry slumps into his couch, intoxicated and pleased with the feeling.

117 INT. STELLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

117

Before she falls asleep, the PHONE RINGS again.

STELLA

Hello.

MARTY'S VOICE

How you doing, Stella?

This man's voice makes her sit up in bed.

STELLA

Why are you calling me, Marty?

118 INT. MARTY'S DEN - NIGHT

118

MARTY is a ruggedly sensitive young man who is leaning on an overworked typewriter and drinking whiskey without ice. INTERCUT as needed.

MARTY

You don't want me to?

STELLA

Marty, you made it very clear that you don't want me.

MARTY

Well, it's not so clear right now. Maybe we should talk about it.

STELLA

I have to catch a plane tomorrow morning.

(CONTINUED)

MARTY

So you'll stop by on your way to the airport. Or maybe you wanna leave from here.

STELLA

I don't think so, Marty.

MARTY

Why not? Is there someone else?

STELLA

There might be.

MARTY

All right, fine. Take it easy, Stella. Nice knowing you.

STELLA

Marty?

MARTY

What?

STELLA

You're an asshole.

* She hangs up the phone. Marty sits a moment in place. Suddenly, he erupts, clearing his table top with a violent sweep of his arm.

CUT TO:

*118A INT. MISS DOLAN'S HOTEL ROOM

118A

Harry has fallen asleep on the couch with the help of a few more beers. When he hears a KNOCK on the door, he thinks he is dreaming. But the knock has an unpleasant persistence. Harry tries not to open his eyes as he bumps his way to the front door, muttering. The BANGING continues.

HARRY

Yeah, yeah...

He opens the door without customary caution, his brain still asleep.

A large silhouette is awaiting him. Before Harry can react, the Lethal Man drives a fist into Harry's head, spinning him back over some furniture. The big man rumbles into the room.

(CONTINUED)

118A CONTINUED:

118A

LETHAL MAN

I got a message to deliver, pal.

He methodically stalks Harry, kneeling him in the ribs before Harry can stand. But Harry is tough and counters with a surprise elbow of his own which is enough to stun the big man while Harry searches for his gun which is buried somewhere in the couch.

The big man is rushing toward Harry, but the commotion of the fight has awakened the rest of the hotel floor. The big man thinks it prudent to escape while it's still possible. He stands in the doorway, finger pointed at Harry.

LETHAL MAN

We'll continue our talk later, pal.

118B CORRIDOR

118B

The big man shoves his way through some Guests, who want no part of him. By the time Harry is in the hallway, the man is nowhere to be found.

CUT TO:

119 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

119

A swirl of dust down a familiar country road produces Stella driving a rental car. She approaches the road to the McGraw ranch and slows down until she gets the view she wants.

As before, Stella peers through her binoculars to observe activity on the ranch.

120 THROUGH STELLA'S BINOCULARS

120

The ranch hands are performing chores. Ellen McGraw is hanging clothes on the line.

121 RESUME SCENE

121

Stella takes a moment, IMAGINES what she might encounter.

122 STELLA'S IMAGINATION

122

Stella approaches the McGraw ranch cautiously. An ominous wind slaps the barn door open and shut. Stella steps near the barn, pulls out her revolver. After a deep breath, she leaps inside the barn.

123 IN THE BARN

123

there are two dead bodies, the ranch hands, riddled grotesquely with shotgun pellets. Stella reacts in shock, but she must press on.

124 EXT. THE RANCH HOUSE

124

Stella CREAKS up the front STEPS. The screen door has been ripped off its hinges. Stella enters.

124A INT. THE RANCH HOUSE

124A

Stella is headed toward the bedroom at the end of a hallway. She COCKS her GUN when she hears SCREAMS coming from behind the bedroom door.

As she moves down the hall, a hand reaches out from another door to grab her. Stella whips her gun around and almost pulls the trigger. But it's Mrs. McGraw clutching her daughter. They have both been beaten badly. Stella calms them down with a gentle hand, then proceeds down the corridor.

The SCREAMS from the bedroom become intense as Stella reaches for the door handle. She takes a moment for courage, then yanks open the door.

125 IN THE BEDROOM

125

Stella finds McGraw in the process of molesting Miss Dolan. McGraw hears Stella, and wheels around to smash her against the wall. Then he pulls a loaded SHOTGUN from a table and BLASTS at Stella, who dives away at the last possible moment. McGraw bolts from the room and races down the hallway. Stella takes a moment to check Miss Dolan, who will survive, then gives chase after McGraw.

126 OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

126

Stella glimpses McGraw running down the dirt road. She calls for him to stop. He FIRES the SHOTGUN at her, but she manages to steady her aim and PULL THE TRIGGER.

127 INT. STELLA'S CAR - DAY

127

Stella shivers from her IMAGINED SCENE. She tugs at the .38 concealed beneath her jacket, then opens her car door.

128 EXT. MCGRAW RANCH

128

Following Harry's example, Stella enters through the main gate. Again, Ellen steps up.

ELLEN

May I help you?

STELLA

Hi, I'm parked up the road and I need to make an important phone call.

ELLEN

Are you lost?

STELLA

No, not exactly, I just couldn't find a telephone.

Ellen smiles and leads Stella into the house. Art looks up at them as they pass. His glance to Ellen has even more yearning than before.

McGraw, ever the protector, comes from the barn.

MCGRAW

What are you doing, Ellen?

ELLEN

Just showing her the phone, Jim.

MCGRAW

The phone again?

ELLEN

It's fine, Jim.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

As they enter the house:

STELLA

Again?

ELLEN

We get maybe two visitors all year, we've had two this week already to use the phone.

STELLA

If you rather I don't...

ELLEN

Don't be silly.

Art watches them enter, checks the barn to make sure McGraw has gone back inside.

129 INT. KITCHEN

129

The same little girl is eating cookies at the table.

GIRL

What's your name?

STELLA

Stella.

GIRL

Stella what?

STELLA

Stella Winkowski.

GIRL

Really?

STELLA

Uh huh.

ELLEN

The phone's in the hall.

Stella fakes a phone call, much the same as Harry did. Ellen offers a cup of coffee to her.

As Ellen steps into the kitchen, Art enters the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN

Work over, Art?

ART

Thirsty.

He gets a drink from the sink, pressing his torso behind hers. Stella glimpses their reflection in a hallway mirror. The little girl pays no attention. Ellen can only enjoy his touch for a moment before her husband's FOOTSTEPS are heard. Art doesn't want to move, seemingly eager for a scene with her husband, once and for all. But she pushes him back as McGraw opens the screen door.

ART

Thanks for the drink.

ELLEN

Welcome.

McGraw stands in the doorway and doesn't seem to want to let Art pass. Then he steps aside and Art leaves, slamming the screen behind him.

Stella continues to watch in the mirror, out of their view.

McGraw grips his wife's arm.

MCGRAW

What's going on here?

ELLEN

Jim, you're hurting me.

MCGRAW

And what are you doing to me?
If something is going on when
I'm not here...

ELLEN

You mean most of the time.

MCGRAW

What are you saying, woman?

ELLEN

Nothing, Jim. I'm saying nothing.
But you being away doesn't help
anything.

(CONTINUED)

MCGRAW

Except our making a living.

ELLEN

We can live on less.

MCGRAW

Ellen, you knew I had another ranch when I met you, so we're not talking about it now.

ELLEN

We never talk about it.

McGraw steps back, looking for Stella in the hallway.

MCGRAW

You through in there?

STELLA

Yes, just hanging up.

(into receiver)

Okay, Herman, I'll see you get the delivery this afternoon.

She hangs up and walks into the kitchen.

McGraw nods to her, a lot warmer than he was to Harry. He looks at his wife, then exits. Stella studies the kitchen as Ellen turns away.

STELLA

Thanks for the coffee, ma'am.

Ellen just nods, faced away. She might be crying.

STELLA

Sometimes it's better to catch fire and burn up than to continue cold.

This spins Ellen around.

ELLEN

, What? What are you saying to me?

STELLA

I think you're saying it all by yourself.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: (3)

129

ELLEN

Were you listening? This is none
of your business.

STELLA

I see you crying. I'm a woman.

ELLEN

That doesn't make it your affair,
and just being a woman doesn't
mean you understand.

STELLA

I think you want to understand
yourself, Mrs. McGraw, and to
make yourself understood. That's
what your crying means.

Ellen opens her mouth, but can't speak. Stella doesn't
want to cause her any more discomfort, so she leaves.

130 EXT. HOUSE

130

Art is taking his frustration out on several logs that
need axing. As Stella steps in Art's direction McGraw
darts up the stairs and slams the kitchen door behind
him. Suddenly, raised VOICES from the house ECHO in
muffled argument. Art reacts sharply, eager to go in-
side for a confrontation. Stella is near.

STELLA

Eats you up, doesn't it?

ART

That sonofabitch, I'd like to...

Then he realizes that a stranger has decoded the sit-
uation.

ART

What do you know about this?

STELLA

Don't have to be Sherlock Holmes.
When he's gone, you two discover
each other. And he's gone a lot.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

ART
(almost grateful
to have someone
to talk to)
If she was mine, I'd be with her
every moment. She's too good to
waste being lonely.

STELLA
You told her that?

ART
What do you wanna know for?

STELLA
I saw how you looked at each
other. Might help you to talk
about it.

ART
She knows how I feel. But she
won't let me put it right to his
face. She don't love him anymore,
she's just afraid, that's all.
But I could take care of her. And
the kid. Like they were my own.

STELLA
So why don't you?

ART
Maybe I will. And soon.

STELLA
Sooner the better, they say.

She nods and heads for the gate. Art watches her a
moment.

CUT TO:

131 EXT. KING RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

131

Harry parks his car at the curb. He hesitates. Just
as Stella did outside the McGraw ranch, Harry pauses to
IMAGINE the scene he may encounter.

132 HARRY'S IMAGINATION

132

Harry bursts through the front door of the King house. Mrs. King rushes to stop him from going any further inside. She starts slapping his face, beating on his chest, but he places her aside, not wanting to hurt her. She crumples to the floor in tears. Her children and Nanny hurry over to console her. Harry pulls out his gun and searches for King. He opens a doorway.

133 INSIDE THE DOORWAY

133

is a passage that leads into a smoky den. Two Thugs spot Harry's entrance and immediately tromp over to him. Before the Thugs reach Harry, he sees Miss Dolan moving toward a room even further back.

133A THE THUGS

133A

come at Harry with their full brutal force. He dodges a giant fist and clubs the first Thug's head with his .38. The second Thug rams a chair over Harry's back, and Harry is sent sprawling to the floor, his pistol clattering away. Two additional Thugs appear with MACHINE GUNS. They tattoo the floor with BULLETS. Harry manages to dive away and scoop up his gun in one move.

133B BULLETS

133B

fly from everywhere, but Harry's are the only ones that find their targets. He pumps two of the remaining Thugs full of lead then practically breaks the third one in half with solid punches. Then he continues after Miss Dolan.

134 IN THE BACK ROOM

134

Miss Dolan slinks up to King who is dressed in a tuxedo and already has two beautiful Women hanging on each arm. Miss Dolan rushes up to King and pushes the other Women away so that she can have King all to herself.

Miss Dolan embraces King and he begins to kiss her passionately. Harry observes all this from the doorway. After Miss Dolan has succeeded in making King want her, she pulls away from him and slaps his face hard. Then she taunts him with an insulting laugh and pivots around. She adjusts her fur stole, then heads for Harry with an enticing smile.

134A BUT KING

134A

will have none of it. He pulls out a GUN and, before Harry can protect her, SHOOTS Miss Dolan in the back. Miss Dolan reaches out for Harry, and falls into his arms. King takes aim at Harry, but Harry FIRES first.

135 EXT. KING RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

135

Harry rubs his face as the IMAGES DISAPPEAR. His eyes speed back and forth in their sockets, then he climbs from his car and moves to the house without hesitating.

136 EXT. BACK YARD

136

The Nanny leads Harry outside where he sees Mrs. King on her knees, gardening. The Nanny leaves them alone on a signal from Mrs. King. Harry approaches.

HARRY

Hope I'm not bothering you,
Mrs. King.

MRS. KING

Just doing some weeding.

HARRY

Always healthy to do that. In
your garden, in your life.

MRS. KING

Is that why you came back, Mr.
Wyman? To discuss weeding.

HARRY

No, not directly.

MRS. KING

Then what is it? This is the
second time we've met, and the
second time I've wondered what
your real motives are for being
here.

HARRY

Just honest concern. I know
what it's like to be gone from
someone you love. Their absence
can do strange things.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. KING

The desire is always the same,
Mr. Wyman, whether the person is
absent or present.

HARRY

But don't you wonder?

MRS. KING

About what?

HARRY

Well, you know how it is.

MRS. KING

No, I don't. My husband is a
wonderful husband and father.
His business takes him away a
great deal, but that makes him
no less wonderful.

HARRY

(mumbles)

The one who loves waits.

MRS. KING

I beg your pardon.

HARRY

Just something I read in a book.

MRS. KING

Is it your purpose to come here
and cast doubts upon my marriage?
Are you really an enemy of my
husband's disguised as a friend?

HARRY

I'm not the enemy at all. But
there are some things I could
say...

MRS. KING

But you won't say them, because
I won't let you. Yes, I wait for
my husband, and yes I realize
there are temptations all around
us. But for me the waiting is
not real.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. KING (CONT'D)

My husband returns, always.
Therefore I refuse to make my
situation futile or pathetic.
It is all about value, Mr. Wyman.
And love is my value. Love for
my husband and my family. Now
please, I am asking you to leave.

Harry nods.

HARRY

I'm glad you know what you want,
Mrs. King. And what you think
you need.

MRS. KING

(rising anger)

What are you implying? Are you
trying to hurt me? Are you the
devil?

HARRY

The devil?

She holds up the hoe in a threatening way.

MRS. KING

I love my husband and he loves me.
We are constantly reaffirming this
fact and cannot be threatened by
anyone or anything, including the
devil!

She is driving him out the side gate, suddenly in
tears.

HARRY

I'm sorry, Mrs. King, I really
am...

MRS. KING

You're the devil!

She hurls the hoe at him, a suddenly lethal weapon.
It grazes his back as he exits the gate. She is
shrieking now, unglued by his mere mention of the
forbidden subject.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: (3)

136

MRS. KING

Freddy loves me more than anything! You can't make me jealous because he goes away! I am not suffering! I am not suffering! I am not suffering!

CUT TO:

137 EXT. ROADSIDE - DUSK

137

Stella is resting in her car, at the same spot in the country road where Harry watched for McGraw while Stella was watching Harry.

138 STELLA

138

is reading her "Love Manual." Her eyelids grow heavy and she closes them.

HARRY'S VOICE

I'm looking at you now. Searching your features. I want to see what's inside you...

An IMAGE of Harry APPEARS in the car seat beside Stella.

HARRY'S VOICE

Then I see you thinking and I understand what I want, what I'm after. I love you, Stella. What if I said that?

139 INT. MISS DOLAN'S HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

139

Harry is prone on the couch, sleeping.

STELLA'S VOICE

I'd look for a sign, Harry. A sign of tenderness. And if I found it, I would never want to spoil it...

Her IMAGE APPEARS beside his while he sleeps.

STELLA'S VOICE

Because spoiling love is worse than loosing it altogether...

- 140 INT. STELLA'S CAR 140
As she sits in her dream, Harry's image leans over and kisses her gently.
- 141 INT. MISS DOLAN'S HOTEL ROOM 141
Stella's image descends slowly on top of Harry. But before they embrace fully...
Both wake up from the dream.
- 142 STELLA 142
shakes her head and stretches. It is almost dark outside.
- 143 HARRY 143
shoots awake, sits up and rubs his face, realizing where he is. He manages a smile.
HARRY
(mumbles to himself)
So damn close...
- 144 EXT. SAME COUNTRY TAVERN - NIGHT 144
Stella drives into the lot and enters the tavern.
- 145 INT. TAVERN - NIGHT 145
Stella walks past the bar toward the phone booth.
- 146 INT. HARRY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 146
The PHONE RINGS, but Harry is not there.
- 147 INT. TAVERN 147
Stella hangs up the phone and sits at the bar. She orders a beer and a burger from the same bartender.

148 INT. STELLA'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 148
The PHONE is RINGING for no one.

149 INT. PHONE BOOTH - CITY STREET - NIGHT 149
Harry waits for one more ring then hangs up. He sighs,
climbs into his coupe and drives away into the night.

CUT TO:

150 EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT 150
McGraw drives his pickup truck into the lot and climbs
out.

151 INT. TAVERN 151
Stella is eating her dinner at the bar when she notices
McGraw enter.

BARTENDER
Hey Jim, how's it goin'?

MCGRAW
(on way to telephone)
Got a call to make. Fix me one.

BARTENDER
You bet.

McGraw slides the phone booth door shut. He has not
noticed Stella, but she has definitely seen him. She
is surprised and suddenly excited.

152 INT. HARRY'S CAR - CITY STREETS - NIGHT 152
Harry decides that he needs a drink. He heads for a
certain place with a certain memory.

153 INT. TAVERN - NIGHT 153
McGraw finishes his phone call and moves to the bar.
He can't help but see Stella now, and pulls up the
stool beside hers. He is not beligerent.

STELLA
We meet again.

(CONTINUED)

MCGRAW

So we do.

STELLA

Your wife was very kind to let me use the phone.

MCGRAW

It's my phone, too.

STELLA

I can't tell if you're kind.

MCGRAW

Oh, some people think I am.

STELLA

And others?

MCGRAW

They just don't know the whole story.

STELLA

Lotta secrets, huh?

MCGRAW

My share.

STELLA

Doesn't that get complicated?

MCGRAW

Everything in life is complicated, sugar.

STELLA

Don't call me sugar.

MCGRAW

What's wrong, not sweet enough?

STELLA

Maybe that's my secret.

MCGRAW

I'll bet.

STELLA

I agree with you about things being complicated.

(CONTINUED)

MCGRAW

(to bartender)

She agrees with me.

STELLA

But sometimes complications can
get you in trouble.

MCGRAW

Life is full of traps. You just
gotta avoid 'em.

STELLA

Which is what you do.

MCGRAW

For the most part.

STELLA

So what do you hope to get out of
these complications?

MCGRAW

(laughs)

Everything. I expect everything.
Always.

STELLA

You need everything to be
satisfied.

MCGRAW

That's how complex it is...

STELLA

So you must be a happy man.

MCGRAW

Nobody's happy. I'm getting what
I need.

STELLA

And you need a lot.

MCGRAW

That's right.

For some reason, he feels an urge to open up to this
stranger. Maybe because he hasn't opened up in years.
Or maybe because Stella has a quality that seems to
draw it out.

(CONTINUED)

MCGRAW

A man's gotta be who he is. Most people just sleepwalk, they haven't a fucking clue. I know who I am, and I can't change. So why back off? Why not go forward, wherever it leads?

STELLA

No matter what the risk?

MCGRAW

Risk? You go out on a limb because that's where the fruit is.
(sips his drink)
You're a nosy little thing, aren't you?

STELLA

It's rare that I encounter someone who lives life so fully.

MCGRAW

You don't know the half of it.

STELLA

Oh, I think I know both halves.

His smile disappears.

MCGRAW

What's your name?

STELLA

Stella Wynkowski. What's yours?

MCGRAW

Jim McGraw.

STELLA

That fits you. Fits like a king.

MCGRAW

What?

STELLA

A king. You know, the principal piece in a game of chess.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED: (4)

153

Before he can respond, Art (the ranch hand) storms through the entrance of the tavern. He immediately spots McGraw and shouts.

ART

Jim! I want to see you outside!

McGraw looks away from Stella.

MCGRAW

I ain't moving from this stool,
Art. Except to fire your coward
ass.

ART

That suits me fine. 'Cause I'm
going back there and getting
Ellen and Missy and you ain't
doin' nothin' about it.

BARTENDER

Hey Art, we're having no trouble
in here.

McGraw has risen from his stool. He points a finger
at Stella.

MCGRAW

I'm gonna wipe the floor with
this piece of spaghetti, then
I'm gonna get some answers
outta you.

STELLA

I hardly think you're man enough
to do either.

McGraw grabs Stella off her stool, but she gives an
expert elbow into his gut, then smacks him hard across
the face. McGraw is stung, but before he can retal-
iate, Art is upon him.

153A FIGHT

153A

Art and McGraw begin throwing everything they have at
each other. The patrons clear the floor while the bar-
tender lurches about in frustration.

BARTENDER

Goddamnit!! Take it outside!!

(CONTINUED)

153A CONTINUED:

153A

But neither man pays attention, brutally bashing each other around the place.

Stella watches only a moment before dashing outside.

154 EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT

154

Stella leaps into her car and races away.

154A INT. TAVERN

154A

As McGraw and Art smack each other around, Art is shouting.

ART

You don't deserve her! You're never there!

Art knocks McGraw against a wall, urges him to come forward for more.

ART

Why would you wanna ruin her life! Why would you hurt someone if you loved her!

That statement seems to do more damage to McGraw than Art's fists. McGraw lowers his guard slightly as Art rushes forward. Art backhands McGraw's face. McGraw does not seem to be defending himself as well as he might. But somehow he appears to be aware of that.

CUT TO:

155 STELLA

155

driving as fast as she can in the direction of McGraw's ranch.

CUT TO:

156 EXT. BLUE DANUBE - NIGHT

156

Harry arrives at the place of his memories.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

156

As he nears the entrance, the door opens and Miss Dolan comes out with a drunken giggle, encircled by the arm of the tall man with dark hair and glasses that she thought Harry was following, RICK. (This man is familiar to us because he is the man who pulled up to the Blue Danube the first night Harry was there. The night he followed the Kings by mistake).

Harry stops in his tracks when he sees her. Rick's bodyguard has opened the door of his large sedan to allow Miss Dolan and Rick to enter. The bodyguard is immediately familiar to us as the Lethal Man who has been stalking Harry.

HARRY

Miss Dolan!

She turns to see Harry.

MISS DOLAN

Harry!

RICK

(upset)

Who?

MISS DOLAN

You lied to me, Harry. Rick's not married to anybody! Are you, baby?

Rick is instantly jealous of Harry.

RICK

I don't like this guy. I wanna know what's going on between you?

MISS DOLAN

He's just an acquaintance, baby. Somebody I thought I could trust.

All the while, Harry and the bodyguard have been shoving each other, like school yard toughs. Neither backs down from the other. Harry moves forward to take Miss Dolan's arm, but Rick heaves her into the back seat. This gives the bodyguard the opening and he capitalizes by decking Harry with a vicious punch. Harry crashes to the pavement.

When Harry regains his senses, the sedan is screeching away from the curb. Harry recovers and runs to his car.

CUT TO:

157 EXT. MCGRAW RANCH - NIGHT

157

Stella drives through the open gate and skids to a stop outside the ranch house. She skips half the steps as she enters.

158 INT. MCGRAW RANCH HOUSE

158

Ellen McGraw is seated in the living room. She has been crying continuously. She turns with expectation at the sound of Stella's entrance.

ELLEN

Art, is that you?

Stella appears.

ELLEN

What are you doing here?

STELLA

I'm driving you and your daughter to your nearest relative. You got one minute to pack.

ELLEN

What?

STELLA

You heard me.

CUT TO:

159 EXT. ROADS LEADING AWAY FROM RANCH - NIGHT

159

Stella's car speeds down the asphalt.

160 INT. CAR

160

Ellen stares blankly out the window, her daughter cradled in her lap, half asleep.

MISSY (GIRL)

Where are we going, Mommy?

ELLEN

To the airport, darling.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

160

MISSY

Why?

ELLEN

We're going to visit Grandma in
Portland.

MISSY

What about Daddy? Did he go away
again?

ELLEN

Yes. He's gone, darling.

STELLA

I left a note for Art in his
bunkhouse.

Ellen looks over.

ELLEN

For Art?

STELLA

I got a feeling he'll be the
first one back.

161 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

161

As Stella's car roars down the highway, an old pickup
truck passes in the opposite direction. Neither Stella
or Ellen notice, but inside is a battered, bloodied
and victorious ranch hand.

*161A EXT. CITY - PRE-DAWN

161A

The horizon brightens.

162 EXT. RICK'S HOTEL - PRE-DAWN

162

There are lights in the penthouse.

163 INT. PENTHOUSE - PRE-DAWN

163

Rick's bodyguard comes down the suite's inside stairway.
An open patio with a balcony is at the mouth of the
stairs. The bodyguard lumbers past the patio toward
the front door. He hears a sexy plea from Miss Dolan
in bed, upstairs.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

MISS DOLAN (O.S.)

Rick, where are you, I'm ready
for you, baby, I'm so very
ready...

RICK (O.S.)

In a minute.

He's still in the bathroom.

164 THE BODYGUARD

164

turns the handle on the front door of the penthouse
to exit into the hallway. As soon as the door is re-
leased from the latch, it opens with terrific force,
right into the bodyguard's face.

Harry leaps inside and cracks the bodyguard's already-
bleeding head with a shoe. Then he lifts a very heavy
sofa and slides it over the prone thug, so that he
can't possibly move.

165 INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

165

Miss Dolan sits up to sip champagne. Her beautiful
face and body are highlighted in all the right places
by candlelight.

MISS DOLAN

Please, Rick.

Her voice sounds more sincere than her actions, as
she checks a nick in one of her fingernails.

166 RICK

166

has heard some of the RUCKUS downstairs, but it was
all muffled. As he flips off the bathroom light and
pulls on his silk robe, he moves to the top of the
stairway.

167 STAIRWAY

167

Before Rick can make out the sight of his bodyguard
underneath the sofa, he feels a tap on his shoulder.
He turns to be greeted by a punch from Harry so hard
that it sends Rick tumbling down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

Rick's body rolls past the last step and onto the open patio. The momentum of the fall propels him right off the balcony. He is lucky to make a grab for the railing as he flips over. Rick is dangling precariously from the balcony railing in his silk robe, at least twenty stories above the street.

168 HARRY

168

has watched the acrobatics and makes no move to rescue his victim. Instead, he steps into the bedroom.

Miss Dolan thinks that it's Rick. Boy is she surprised.

Mr. Dobbs. MISS DOLAN

Harry. HARRY

Where is... everybody else? MISS DOLAN

Hanging around. Get dressed. HARRY

Dressed? MISS DOLAN

* Unless you want to get on that
6:00 a.m. train the way you are. HARRY

They simply look at each other.

CUT TO:

*168A INT. AIRPLANE (FROM OUTSIDE)

168A

The sun rises on Stella's face as she stares out the window in flight.

CUT TO:

*168B EXT. RICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAWN

168B

Rick is still dangling from the ledge. An early STREET-SWEEPER overwhelms his fading shouts for help.

(CONTINUED)

*168B CONTINUED:

168B

Harry and Miss Dolan hurry from the building and into Harry's car, speeding away through the empty streets.

*169 EXT. STREETS NEAR AIRPORT - DAWN

169

No traffic. Stella's sportscar yawns its way back into the city.

170 STELLA

170

exhausted from the trip, excited, too. She wants something warm inside and out. She wants to sleep and talk and make love all at once. Which makes her think about Harry.

HARRY'S VOICE

I may not know you, Stella, but
I feel you.

She imagines that moment out loud.

STELLA

Mmmm...

She then imagines Harry's coupe appearing from a side street. Her car is following Harry's. A familiar pattern.

171 HARRY'S COUPE

171

picks up speed and roars around the next corner. Stella sits forward. If this is her imagination, she can't keep pace with it. The squeal of Harry's tires and the spit of gray exhaust seem all too real. Plus the female passenger beside him.

172 STELLA

172

realizes the situation and rounds the corner to follow at a careful distance.

173 HARRY'S CAR

173

in a hurry. Harry stares straight ahead, an unlit smoke between his lips. His passenger, Miss Dolan, keeps looking at him.

MISS DOLAN

You're angry with me. Something
has passed between us, and now
you're angry.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

173

He's in no mood.

MISS DOLAN

Please, Harry, at least acknowledge me. I'm feeling frightened and unloved. Naked to the world.

Harry slowly glances over.

HARRY

I'm not angry, Miss Dolan.

MISS DOLAN

Truly?

HARRY

Truly.

174 STELLA

174

a sudden collision of thoughts makes her uncomfortable. Jealous even.

175 EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAWN

175

Harry's car parks in front. He leads Miss Dolan inside the main terminal.

Stella, a few beats behind, is still undetected.

176 EXT. TICKET COUNTER

176

Harry buys Miss Dolan a ticket with her money. She is standing very close to him at all times.

176A STELLA

176A

watches as Miss Dolan straightens some of Harry's unruly hair.

177 TRAIN PLATFORM

177

Harry and Miss Dolan arrive in time for final boarding call. She faces him with an emotional embrace. The sight stings Stella in the heart as she watches from a distant shadow.

MISS DOLAN

I had to know about Rick. Please understand.

She positions her face inches from his.

MISS DOLAN

Is there a chance for us, Harry?
You and me.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

177

HARRY

What?

MISS DOLAN

Would we be glad and dizzy all
the time? Or would we destroy
each other?

HARRY

Miss Dolan, get on the train.

MISS DOLAN

Please, Harry, the truth. Aren't
you in love with me?

HARRY

Miss Dolan, you're as thrilling
as a bite of a good peach. But
I'm in love with someone else.
So, goodbye, Miss Dolan.

She kisses him as we knew she would. Stella almost
gags at the sight before sprinting out of the station.

178 EXT. TRAIN STATION - EARLY MORNING

178

Stella yanks open her car door and recklessly speeds
into the wet morning. Unwanted tears sizzle on her
cheeks.

179 HARRY

179

emerges from the platform and slides into a phone booth
while taking Stella's phone number from his pocket.

HARRY

(into the phone)

Red, it's Harry. Yeah, yeah,
you can sleep when you're eighty.
Listen, I got a phone number that
I need an address for...

CUT TO:

180 EXT. SAME LAKESIDE PARK - EARLY MORNING

180

Stella sips her second beer from a can. The ducks
around her feet go unnoticed. Finally, she stands
and drags to her car.

CUT TO:

181 EXT. KING RESIDENCE - EARLY MORNING 181

Stella enters the neighborhood behind a slow moving garbage truck. She parks and walks toward the King house.

182 MRS. KING 182

is already pacing with a cup of coffee and a cigarette when there is a KNOCK on the front door.

183 OPENING THE DOOR 183

Mrs. King is expecting one thing but gets Stella instead.

STELLA

Mrs. King?

MRS. KING

Who are you?

STELLA

My name is Stella Winkowski. I want to speak to you about your husband.

MRS. KING

No, please! I do not know what's going on, but I am very close to breaking down entirely! And I have two children who need me. So... please...

She backs away as if to protect herself. Stella pauses in the doorway.

STELLA

How much do you already know?

MRS. KING

I don't know anything and I want to believe even less.

She sits on the couch holding back tears.

MRS. KING

Oh, Fred, dear God...

STELLA

Did he call you?

MRS. KING

* ... Yes.

STELLA

* What did he say? Did he tell you?

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

183

MRS. KING

* He said that... above all, he
 loves me...

184 THE SOUND OF A TAXI

184

turns them both around. James McGraw dressed as Frederick King climbs out. His luggage is placed on the curb as the cab putters off.

185 STELLA

185

fixes King's eyes and won't let go. Much of the man's spirit seems broken.

185A MRS. KING

185A

quietly moves to the coffee table to refill her cup and pour one for her husband.

MRS. KING

Miss Wynkowski, if you understand any part of this situation at all, you'll be good enough to leave now and allow me and my husband some privacy.

STELLA

Mrs. King... you might need me to stay here.

MRS. KING

(facing around sharply)

I beg your pardon.

Stella breathes in slowly then steps to the walkway as King comes toward the house. Stella stops in front of him. His manner is not threatening. Hers is.

KING

What did you tell her?

STELLA

What do you care?

KING

(defeated)

Are you a cop?

STELLA

Yeah, I'm a cop. And you broke all the rules of love, asshole.

(CONTINUED)

185A CONTINUED:

185A

KING

(ironic smile)

A love cop.

She points a finger at his bruised face.

STELLA

What kind of man tries to pull
this shit?

King pauses, all defenses down.

KING

(a shrug)

Me.

Stella shakes her head.

KING

You'll never understand, I know,
but for the longest time it
seemed to... work.

STELLA

Bullshit! You don't learn the
trade just by knowing the tricks!

Mrs. King is standing in the doorway now.

MRS. KING

Fred, please...

King glances once at Stella before hurrying up to his
wife where they embrace long and hard. Mrs. King com-
forts her man as he sobs softly.

MRS. KING

It's all right, honey, it's all
right... you're home now... to
stay...Mrs. King catches Stella's eyes until Stella is forced
to turn away and return to her car.

CUT TO:

186 EXT. STELLA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

186

Stella's sportscar pulls into its place and Stella
wearily starts for the stairs.

187 INT. HALLWAY

187

As Stella unlocks her apartment door, someone steps up from behind.

MAN'S VOICE

Remember me?

She turns quickly. It is Marty, her ex-lover. He is sexy and conciliatory.

STELLA

Marty! Jesus! What the hell are you doing here?

MARTY

Come on, Stella, you know why I'm here.

STELLA

No, I don't!

Marty reaches around her to open the door.

STELLA

You're not coming in.

He leans to her.

MARTY

I've been working hard lately, trying to write, trying not to think about you.

He is kissing her neck. She pulls away, but he steps into the apartment with her.

STELLA

Marty, go home. Now! We're finished with each other. You said so, now I say so.

MARTY

I've been in agony without you, Stella. Like a body without a head or a heart. I keep thinking about the way it was. I want it back.

STELLA

It's gone, Marty...

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

187

He silences her with a kiss. She tries to protest but is weakened by fatigue and the memory that the kiss brings.

MARTY

You want it, Stella, we both know that you do.

Another kiss. But this time she manages to separate from him with conviction.

MARTY

Stella...

STELLA

Shut up, Marty, and clear your ass out right now. Because compared to what I'm about to do your fucking agony is going to seem like a warm bath.

Stella's eyes are cold steel. The handle of her snub-nose peeks out of its holster. Marty shifts his weight and surrenders with his arms slightly raised. Stella rips off her shoes and throws one at the door to shut it after Marty leaves.

188 STELLA

188

grabs a beer from the fridge. She enters the bedroom and sits on the bed to massage her feet.

HARRY'S VOICE

What if I said that I loved you?

Stella mutters her response, back inside her dream.

STELLA

I'd look for a sign, Harry. But not what I've been seeing lately. Something tender and gentle. And sincere.

Harry comes out from behind the bedroom door.

HARRY

A sign, eh? How about a whole billboard?

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED:

188

She almost leaps off the bed. Her belt is unbuckled and her shirt is open.

STELLA

How did you find out where I live?

HARRY

Like I said, I'm good at what I do.

He steps out of his shoes and jacket. Unbelts his pants.

STELLA

What are you doing now?

HARRY

Well, I was on this case, but I was following the wrong man because the very beautiful lady who hired me was doing the same thing. So I put her back on the train and she kissed me and it felt good but not like one that you would keep. And then I saw you kiss this guy and I got real tight inside in a hurry until I realized that you were solving your case, too.

She stands there and doesn't respond for a long moment.

STELLA

Good.

She gets out of her pants.

HARRY

So now what?

STELLA

What do you think?

When he lowers her to the sheets they are naked. She holds his face.

HARRY

You think it'll last, Stella?

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED: (2)

188

STELLA

Don't know, Harry. Guess
there's only one way to find
out.

They embrace, enraptured with each other. It's not
long before they are making love in a way that is
fundamentally amorous and endowed with meaning. This
is the Love Story.

FADE OUT.

THE END